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Connie Atkinson
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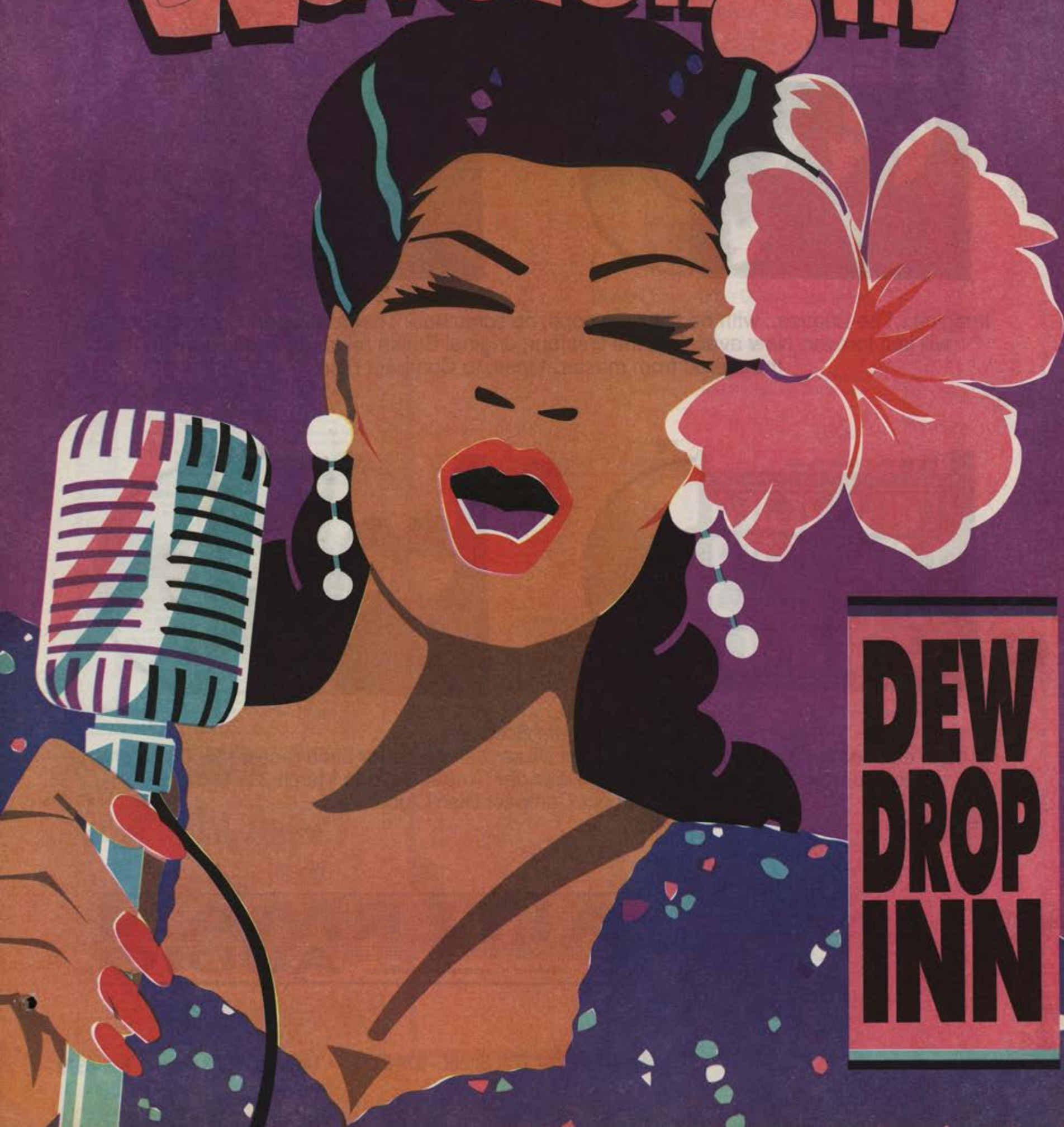
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INSIDE: THE GREAT BARS OF NEW ORLEANS

NEW ORLEANS MUSIC MAGAZINE
ISSUE 77

MARCH 1987

Wavelength



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Wavelength

ISSUE 77

MARCH 1987

"I'm not sure,
but I'm almost positive,
that all music
came from New Orleans."
—Ernie K-Doe, 1979

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NEWS

TEACH THE CHILDREN

Program brings jazz
to city schools

At a time when a lot of things people take for granted in New Orleans are on the budget chopping block, a jazz history presentation in our schools could be the link the next generation needs to a heritage this city has always taken for granted. Last month "Dr. Jazz & Sister Second Line" was performed in 22 public schools in Orleans Parish to show the children of the Eighties how their music evolved from their grandparents' music. Such a link is needed, considering the hard-edged and often cynical music listened to by today's urban youth. Co-founder of the project Danny Barker sums it up, "New Orleans needs a jazz awareness program that will be successful at giving kids a chance to experience their cultural heritage as a positive force in their lives."

"Dr. Jazz & Sister Second Line" is a 45-minute presentation accompanied by study materials. The production deals with the many influences that led to the creation of jazz music around the turn of the century. The two actors/singers along with a six-piece band strive to entertain while educating the students with much improvisation and audience participation.

Project director Eric Glaser tells how such a presentation became a reality. "The idea came about through a meeting I had with Danny Barker. We were sitting in his living room about a year and a half ago and he had shown me information about a jazz education project in Milwaukee called the Milwaukee

Jazz Experience. It was in the schools up there and they had a study guide, jazz flash cards, seminars, and a couple of weeks' worth of jazz education for the kids. It was very successful and I thought 'that really should be here in New Orleans.' So the next thing I did was write some grants. I wrote grant proposals to the Jazz & Heritage Foundation, to the Arts Council of New Orleans, to the Louisiana Division of the Arts through the Amistad Research Centre and to Links, Inc., a women's art group and was able to raise the money." Also within the school system, Shirley Trust Corey in her position as supervisor of Arts in Education was behind the idea from the beginning and lent invaluable support.

The result has been a show that gets New Orleans kids second lining in their seats, Julian Dalcord and Sadie Blake in the title roles brew up their jazz gumbo on stage while explaining the reasoning behind a jazz funeral and the definition of syncopation. In the midst of a day of studies, school kids find any music an uplifting break, but their excitement truly peaks at the finale when Sadie breaks into a "rap" with the band backing her up, thus showing how flexible jazz is.

With its local run finished, Eric will be pursuing interest in the project outside the city with the hope of turning kids in other areas of the country on to the birth of jazz. The timing couldn't be better considering the number of New Orleans musicians that are currently in the vanguard of today's jazz movement. They are living proof that the family tree can grow and flower if the roots are deep enough.

— Jason Patterson

GOLDEN MOMENTS IN NEW ORLEANS MUSIC

THE CARNIVAL ANTHEM

Every Mardi Gras you can't go anywhere in New Orleans without hearing the magic rippling piano of Professor Longhair, whether the song is "Go to the Mardi Gras," "Big Chief," or a host of others. Although Longhair had recorded his "Mardi Gras in New Orleans" three times before, the first time in 1949 with his group the Shuffling Hungarians, it was not until 1959 that the song, retitled "Go to the Mardi Gras," became the definitive Mardi Gras anthem, recorded by New Orleans artists from Fats Domino to the Olympia Brass Band. Sadly, Longhair benefitted little from his "hit," and he would have died in obscurity if not for the



efforts of dedicated fans. In 1971 Professor Longhair was rediscovered by a new generation at the New Orleans Jazz and Heritage Festival, and received international acclaim before his death in 1981. In a city full of great piano players, all of them paid the highest tribute to Professor Longhair.

— Rick Coleman

NOTHING ROTTEN AT CAC'S FESTIVAL OF NEW MUSIC

The CAC has streamlined its music program in recent years, moving away from a strict jazz format to focus upon composers and performers from the Gulf Coast region. Most of the CAC's recent music offerings go under the heading of New Music. Under that banner we find Electronic, Tape and Computer works along with Chamber pieces. Jazz gets its due as well, with last year's Dewey Redman concert being one of the stand-out music events of 1986.

This year's Festival of New Music II is various and asunder, reflecting the wide open ears of CAC music director Jay Weigel. One featured event will be a piano recital Saturday, March 14 by Mary Kathleen Ernst performing works by Copland, Piston and Glass as well as works by living composers Roy Harris and Larry Alan Smith.

There are also concerts featuring The LSU New Music Ensemble (March 12) and the Contemporary Arts Ensemble (March 8). Both of these concerts will showcase the works of local and regional composers.

On the jazz side, we find New Orleans guitarist Steve Masakowski performing with saxophonist David Liebman on Saturday, March 7. Masakowski is in the upper stratosphere of guitar heaven along with the Bensons and the Sterns and the Vais. Not content to be just another great guitarist, Masakowski is also a noteworthy composer of unpretentious non-academic computer realized pieces. Liebman is a big favorite among his peers. Eclectic to extremes, Liebman is also a pure player no matter the context. For his playing on the Miles Davis LP *On The Corner*, Liebman deserves more praise than there's room for here. Don't miss this concert.

All shows start at 8 p.m. and tickets go for \$6 (\$4 members). Despite the New Music banner, there is nothing blatantly rotten going on anywhere over the run of the festival. For further info call the CAC 523-1216.

— Mark Bingham

UNQUOTE

“On New Orleans music you'll hear a really hot, generally black rhythm section and the rhythms are pretty sophisticated, well done, and hard-hitting. A Memphis thing is totally primitive and out to lunch.”

— Alex Chilton, as interviewed by Frank Beeson in *Option* magazine



JAZZ FEST UPDATE

More rumors and news about the New Orleans Jazz and Heritage Festival, which will be held April 24 to May 3: this year for the first time there'll be music all day at the Fairgrounds April 24 and Friday May 1. Six days at the Fairgrounds this year!

New information: Wynton Marsalis, Bobby McFerrin, and Stanley Jordan reportedly will be the stars of the nighttime concerts. The Thunderbirds will be on the Riverboat *President* with the Roomful of Blues horns May 1. Lazy Lester and Katie Webster will share the bill. May 2 Roomful of Blues will be at the Fairgrounds with Earl King. The Dixie-Kups and the Nevilles will grace the last day of the Festival. King Sunny Adé and the Nevilles will be a concert item, while a little birdy tells us that Pharoah Sanders and Leon Thomas (with Wynton Marsalis sitting in) may be heard free of charge at Spanish Plaza between boat rides whilst you wait to board.

As reported earlier, this year's festival lineup includes Fats Domino, Carl Perkins, John Mayall, Junior Walker, Spyro Gyra and Percy Sledge. A non-Festival Fest-time attraction will be Los Lobos at Tipitina's April 25 for two shows.

This month, a festival brochure with a complete schedule of events and ticket mail order form will become available. The brochure can be had for a self-addressed stamped envelope sent to P.O. Box 2530, NOLA 70176.

UGLY DAY

Mamou young people start new tradition

"A new generation, pre-Mardi Gras celebration," is how Steve LaFleur, singer and bassist for the Cajun rock band Mamou, describes Ugly Day.

Ugly Day takes place annually on the Saturday before Mardi Gras near the town of Mamou, the Evangeline Parish prairie hamlet after which LaFleur's band is named.

A few hearty, impatient souls camp out at the Ugly Day site on the Friday night before Ugly Day, but things really get started on Saturday morning.

"A bunch of townspeople get together to have a pre-Mardi Gras celebration," says LaFleur in his cool Cajun accent. "We just try to get as many bands — Cajun bands, rock bands, whatever kind of bands — as we can get to play. Nobody's making any money. We just jam that (Friday) night and all the next day."

According to LaFleur, Ugly Day began 11 years ago when a restless group of young people in Mamou known as the Hadashack Gang decided to have a party to start off the Mardi Gras weekend, which in Mamou is the social event of the year.

"What they were doing was getting ready for Mardi Gras," LaFleur explains. "They bought a pig and they called it Ugly. They raised it and fattened it and for Ugly Day they killed it and called (the day) Ugly Day after the pig."

The town of Mamou itself celebrates Mardi Gras in a way that is steeped in Cajun tradition and is quite unlike the celebrations in New Orleans and elsewhere. While there is a parade, plenty of music and beer, Mardi Gras in Mamou is centered around the *Coureur de Bois*, the runners of the woods. For de-

cadés on Mardi Gras Day masked men on horseback have ridden the countryside around Mamou, stopping at houses and arms along the route to collect chickens, rice or whatever people will give them. The climax of the Mamou Mardi Gras is when the riders return to ride through Mamou. The bounty of their ride is collected and used to make a communal gumbo.



"Once they get into town they have the traditional Mardi Gras dance," says LaFleur. "A bunch of men and women get together and pick up all the goods and bring them to the Legion Hall about a block from the Mardi Gras dance. They start cookin' and have the gumbo ready for the riders after they finished their dancing and partying."

"Mamou at that time of the year is happenin'," declares Wayne Aguilard, guitarist for the band Mamou. The band Mamou formed on Ugly Day two years ago as the result of a one-off performance.

"The Monday night before Mardi Gras," Aguilard continues, "you have all the French bands in all the bars, the streets are full of people. You can hit the streets that Monday night and you can walk bar to bar and it don't cost nothin'. You got Cajun bands in each bar."

"It's not just Ugly Day," says Aguilard. "Ugly Day is kicking off the whole scene. The whole

weekend is the time to be down here as far as Cajun culture.

"Not only that, but Mardi Gras with the horses, the riders, they're out there chasin' chickens. That's Mardi Gras you know. It's not just built up on a day; it's built up on the culture of it."

"I hate to miss Mardi Gras in Mamou," LaFleur adds. "You won't get bored, I guarantee you. The whole weekend's outrageous."

Aguilard and LaFleur added that anyone who would like to attend Ugly Day or any band that would like to play is welcome. But finding it may be a problem. The exact site of the Ugly Day celebration is somewhat nebulous. And Aguilard and LaFleur's explanation doesn't help much either: "It's out in the woods between Mamou and Chataignier," says LaFleur.

"It changes places," Aguilard adds. "This year it's going to be held in the same place as last year. It'd be hard to find." He added that anyone interested in playing or attending Ugly Day can call him at (318) 457-4748 or LaFleur at (318) 468-2226.

"It's kinda like a private party but friends invite friends. It's private but everybody's welcome," Aguilard says in the spirit of the famous Cajun hospitality.

"They've been holdin' back on publicity," LaFleur notes. "The T.V. station wanted to go over there and they didn't let it happen. They've been turning 'em down. Last year was the first time it broke loose again and hopefully this year is going to be pretty heavy duty."

"Ugly Day is exciting because you're kicking it off," says Aguilard. "That Friday night you're kicking it off and everybody's excited and fresh. They've been waiting all year for it. Then again, it's just a loose party too."

— Doug Newcomb

THE TOP 3

DIXIE-KUPlet

"For three weeks in June of 1964, the Beatles-led English invasion of our national pop charts was temporarily stymied by three young girls from the Calliope Housing Project. Sisters Barbara and Rosa Hawkins, accompanied by Joan Johnson and collectively known as the Dixie Cups, were responsible for America's Number One record, "Chapel of Love," the choice of paramours from coast to coast, beach blanket to backseat to honeymoon suite.

Twenty-three years later, the Hawkins girls, now known as the Dixie-Kups, continue captivating lovers at concerts across the land and around the globe. They've been to all fifty states, Europe, the Bahamas, the Virgin Islands, Bermuda and Vietnam, where they enter-



tained American troops for a month during the height of combat.

Joan Johnson exited the trio early on and was replaced by Beverly Brown, who continued working with the Hawkins sisters until her death in 1985. Today, either Jo Ann Kennedy or Rosetta Ramsey joins the Dixie-Kups as they tour the planet.

The Dixie-Kups' most recent gigs

include an outdoor show in the California desert for an audience of 45,000, on the same bill with the Righteous Brothers, Martha Reeves, the Marvelettes and 27 other "oldies" acts; and "all-girl" recital in Kansas City with the Crystals and the Chiffons; and two shows in Chicago (1 degree Fahrenheit outside) with Little Anthony, Ben E. King and Del Shannon. On the last Sunday of the Jazz Festival (in a somewhat more subtropical environment), the Dixie-Kups will share the stage with the Neville Brothers and Bobby Cure.

Often treated like royalty when they're on the road, the Dixie-Kups have to wait in line at K&B like everybody else when they're back home in the Seventh Ward. What exactly does Barbara miss when she leaves New Orleans? By telephone, she confessed: "Besides my mom,

my son and my dog, nothing. On the road, the fans love you now as they loved you then. The red carpet is always out for you. It's all together different from home."

Our main reason for dialing the Dixie-Kups' number was to ask for the ladies' All-Time Top Three New Orleans Records, an inquiry which prompted both Hawkins sisters to unhesitatingly and unabashedly select their own "Iko Iko" for the top slot. Both likewise picked the Nevilles (and yet another Indian-rooted song) for the place position:

1. "Iko Iko" by the Dixie Cups
2. "Hey Pockey Way" by the Neville Brothers
3. (Barbara) "Holy Cow" by Lee Dorsey
(Rosa) "Barefootin'" by Robert Parker

— Bunny Matthews

WAVELENGTH INTERVIEW YOKO ONO

REDACTED BY GENE SCARAMUZZO

As anyone knows who is old enough to have experienced the Beatles, the ballad of John and Ono played to an incredibly hostile, unaccepting audience. Even among Beatles fans, the professed love for Lennon and the Beatles was ironically blinded by an intense need to find a scapegoat for the group's breakup.

One can only admire the grace with which Yoko Ono has shouldered this burden over the years. Of course, the world has somewhat tempered its attack, and maybe even changed its feelings toward her since Lennon was killed, but throughout the best and the worst, Ono has never given up her message of peace, nor has she ever refused contact with Beatles fans, whom she considers part of her family.

Since 1980, Ono has continued to share Lennon's artistic output with us through records, a book of his prose and poetry (*Skywriting By Word of Mouth*), and most recently, gallery showings of Lennon's artwork, including the famous Bag One lithographs, in major cities around the country including New Orleans. Skeptics may consider these projects to be solely financially or egotistically

motivated if they wish to be so negative, but in this world fraught with so much hatred, I will continue to believe that Yoko and John are messengers of peace.

Ono was present at the opening exhibit here in New Orleans at the Dyansen Gallery which, under the direction of the very amiable Kim Roger, has done an enthusiastic and tasteful presentation of the various pieces, distinguishing itself by being the first on this tour to display the controversial erotic lithographs from the Bag One series. Ono stayed in town long enough to receive the key to the city, to hear the mayor proclaim February 6 as "John Lennon Day" in New Orleans and, in general, to make a very favorable impression on all those with whom she came in contact. The following interview took place at the Dyansen Gallery.

You seem to be giving a lot of gifts to Beatles fans right now with the release of the *Menlove Ave.* album, *Skywriting* and the tour of John's artwork. What was behind your decision to do this?

Because we have to share things. Now, the Lennon fans and myself are like one big family, and I would feel guilty if I just kept it to myself. And by sharing it like this and somehow by presenting John's work in different fields, I feel like John's still around. Through his work he's still living. It's a nice feeling.

What made you decide to include the unfinished *Walls & Bridges* tracks on the *Menlove Ave.* album?

The reason is that EMI/Capitol, the record company, was going to put all rock songs. You would have had six songs on the album and each song would have been like seven to nine minutes long, because (John) was rehearsing and he'll stop a little and he might just say something... and it would have been very lax.

The record company really wanted three songs on one side and three songs on the other side, and all long. But artistically it would have been wrong. The album had just one side [worth of material]. I didn't want that kind of presentation for John even if it was posthumous; I didn't think it should be done like that.

So I edited down [until the rock songs] fit one side, and I could then

add those songs for the other side. I think that those *Walls & Bridges* tracks would never have gone on a record if he were alive because we always make a song so that it can be played on AM/FM radio. It has to be done in such a way so it's all EQ'd and squashed and all that. But this is very natural, as it happened, so it's almost daring, or taking a risk to put it out as a record. But I thought it was good... I hope you enjoyed it.

What are your feelings on all the bootleg Lennon material that is available?

Well, it's sad in a way because the bootleg material buyers are very limited, so that it doesn't circulate to all the people. It has to be presented in such a way so that it would go on the charts and be reviewed and the general public would know it's available. So, one, it's sad somebody's putting it out like that. The other point of view is the fact that most of them are bad quality and not artistically satisfactory as John would have wanted them to be.

With all these John Lennon-related projects that you're doing, and also being a mother, do you have any time for your own art?

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Well, more and more I'm finding it difficult to get time for my own artwork... at this point. But I think that's a good sign; it means that John is really active. I think that I can always do my thing in a couple of years or whatever, so I'm not so worried about my thing.

How did your years with John change your approach to art, or do you feel that it did?

I think it did definitely. The rock 'n' roll beat gave me a real energy. If I didn't go into that way of thinking, probably I would have ended up being very artsy. You know... do a concert in Carnegie Hall or somewhere, one of those very artsy concerts of avant garde music... or in the Green Room, having tea with a few people... something like that. I think he changed me into something more live and now.

When I say live and now, I mean, I wasn't doing something that was old-fashioned. I was doing avant garde, which is not now, it's futuristic. So it wasn't like bringing me out of some old-fashionedness... but I just think in terms of communicating with the mass public, I probably wouldn't have done that. It would have been like, in the Village, a few people understand it and enjoy it, but it would be very precious. I think he brought me out of that trip.

How do you feel now about the effectiveness of the dramatic gestures



that you have done, like the bed-in, the War Is Over campaign, sending acorns to world leaders...?

I think it did have an effect. Somebody was asking me about Band-Aid and all that... "We Are The World"... saying would John have joined them if he was around. I think those things happened only because we did those things twenty years ago, you know. It's inspiring each other. It may have happened without us, regardless. But still I think that the fact that it was done in the rock 'n' roll world twenty years ago, it's all in people's subconsciences, and it may have inspired them.

As a single parent, what are your views on raising children?

Well, a single parent raising a child is always a problem, I suppose. But also, I'm trying to tell Sean that this

way you're not limited to one father, but... this sounds crazy... he can learn from more different men about what it is to be a guy.

Had you and John considered at one time educating Sean yourselves?

No. John and I were saying if he doesn't want to go to school he doesn't have to go to school... he'll have a tutor or something. If he wants to go to school, only if he asks, then we'll send him to school. The funny thing is, he did ask, so I put him in school. Of course, school is limiting, limiting our brains or our psyches, or whatever it limits. But, I suppose that the idea of mixing with other children, even just from that point of view, it's a good experience.

From where do you draw the strength to deal with the negative criticism that you've had over the years?

Well, first of all, if I were so concerned about negative criticism then I wouldn't have been with John because... since I was with John I got so much flak that it would have been better to just say goodbye. But, of course, it's wrong to say that I didn't care... I mean... we both cared a lot, you know. We're human, so we get very hurt each time. At the same time, it was not my priority to not be hated, because the priority was that we were in love and we loved to be together. For that, we didn't care as much what was said. Still even now people give

me all sorts of flak. This time around, because I'm alone, it's a bit harder. With John it was easier to cope with. But it's a bit harder... but I'm used to it.

Do you read any of the accounts in books of your years with John such as The Love You Make?

No, no, no. It's too painful for me to read those books, so I don't read them. But because I read newspapers, most of it I get. It's like... "Oh, they're writing something like that." You know. I think it's unfair in a way, but also I think that everything is a blessing in disguise. It's hard to think that, but it's better to just see the positive side of everything, and use that positive side. Some might think... what is the positive side of all this flak? I don't know yet. But we'll see.

I'm attempting to [look on the positive side] because it's a very practical solution, because everything that we have in this world is probably not perfect, so if you concentrate on the imperfections, then there's no end to it. Just think that we've got all these things and let's use the good bits.

You have to use your own strength. I think in the Sixties we did find great power outside of us, which is a healthy thing to do. But in the Eighties we're learning that all of that is within us anyway. So we're starting to learn to trust in ourselves and use what we have within us. That's what I'm trying to do.

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Mardi Gras Mambo..... The Meters
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They All Asked For You..... The Meters
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My Parlor Or Yours?

Men are just dying to marry Theresa Russell in the new film *Black Widow*.

DORRE STREET

Black Widow is a lush, stylized, rich thriller about two women and two obsessions. Catharine considers it her job to marry and then kill wealthy older men for their fortunes, and Alexandra Barnes is a federal investigator whose obsession is the killer herself.

Catharine (Theresa Russell) is smart and relentlessly bad, a dangerous combination as we watch her change her image, appearance and interests with studious care to capture the wealthy men who become her victims. When married to a well-known New York publisher, she is a sophisticated blonde in a mink. She then transforms herself into a redheaded southern belle in slinky dresses for her Dallas toy tycoon target (Dennis Hopper), a serious intellectual brunette in tweed and sweaters to seduce a Seattle anthropologist (Nicol Williamson), and ultimately, the natural, free spirited beauty who climbs mountains in Hawaii with a French hotel owner (Sami Frey). With each man and each killing, we learn a little more about her nearly traceless methods of both premeditated seduction and murder. The script is well structured in this way, and our curiosity is both satisfied and stimulated further as we learn the tricks of this woman's trade.

After rich husband number two kicks off from the very rare Ondine's curse that took care of husband number one, Alex (Debra Winger), who is doing a routine investigation of the deaths, grows suspicious of the victim's younger wives who quickly liquidated their fortunes and skipped out of sight. She makes the case her pet project, and becomes so obsessed she sells her possessions and quits her job in order to stalk the lady killer in Hawaii. Alex in Washington, as seen through the eyes of her co-workers, is

a workaholic in need of a man, or at very least a night on the town. In Hawaii, she begins to realize both the mission that brought her there and her personal life. She gets a haircut, appreciates the changes in herself after a love affair, and in accordance with her cause, befriends the friendless woman Catharine. They embark on a relationship far more dense and complicated than anticipated, with a feeling even borderline erotic between the women, creating tensions pregnant with possibilities. We get a glimpse into the human side of Catharine, now called Rennie, and the devious side of Alex, now called Jessica.

When warned about the danger she may encounter searching for a suspected killer, Alex points out to her boss that Catharine "is not about guns." This is one of the most refreshing aspects of the film—that a thriller about murder does not rely on guns to be threatening. The black widow is much more subtle in her style, yet no less deadly. The one scene where Catharine does use a gun to threaten, takes something away from the whole, although she still doesn't shoot.

The script, written by Ron Bass, is brilliant from start to finish, the best of its genre since *Body Heat*. It doesn't falter in its ending as did *The Morning After*, it is not even slightly uneven like the unsatisfying *Bedroom Window*. The cinematography is exquisite, from the office with the green windows to the lush landscape of Hawaii which reminds us mainlanders of the foreign and mystical feel of the non-tourist oriented part of our country's islands. The whole look of the film is varied and a treat for the eyes throughout its changing scenarios.

One of the greatest visual treats is



Catharine (Theresa Russell) with the man she loves in *Black Widow*.

the voluptuous Theresa Russell, sometimes reminiscent in looks of Kathleen Turner, but with much deeper beauty and sex appeal. Followers of director Nicholas Roeg remember Russell from his films *Bad Timing*, *Eureka*, and *Insignificance*, and she was also seen in *The Last Tycoon* and *Straight Time*, but she is not a household name, yet. It is the script's strength that we are not exposed to any psychoanalysis of Catharine, or attempts to find out why she became a ruthless killer, and it is Russell's strength that we like her in spite of it all. One keeps expecting a moment when she will crack under the pressure of keeping her secret, but she doesn't. Besides a few brief, self-deprecating cries of despair, Catharine gets right back on the horse every time she encounters a setback, relentlessly cunning and industrious. It is scary to see how one person can, without being realized, direct the behavior of those around her.

Winger has never been one of my favorites. I find her at best annoying with her boyish looks and that voice that sounds like she has a perennial throat infection. But she is less annoying in *Black Widow* than in any of her previous films, which is great praise coming from this non-fan. The viewer has a good impression of the complete Alex Barnes, investigator and lonely woman, and there are more sparks between Winger and Russell than between Winger and any of her previous male film counterparts.

A Twentieth Century Fox release, a Laurence Mark/Harold Schneider production of a Bob Rafelson film. Directed by Bob Rafelson; executive producer, Laurence Mark; produced by Harold Schneider; screenplay by Ron Bass; director of photography, Conrad Hall; music by Michael Small; edited by John Bloom; starring Theresa Russell, Debra Winger, Sami Frey, Nicol Williamson, Dennis Hopper, Lois Smith, Diane Ladd, D. W. Moffett, James Hong, David Mamet, Terry O'Quinn. ★★☆☆

Radio Days

Radio Days is a fond remembrance of a period, 1938-44, when life in Brooklyn was tough and dreary and the glamorous world of radio provided a great escape. Not heavy on plot, *Radio Days*' strength lies in Woody Allen's obvious affection for the time, the characters and personalities that accompanied him through his youth.

The red headed child (Seth Green), brought up among squabbling Jewish parents and relatives, is no new scenario for an Allen movie. It is as if he made a whole film from the brief scenes in *Annie Hall* where he visits his childhood home of Coney Island. But what is original and fresh is the detail, the lush look of the film that underscores how Allen knows precisely what he wants and just how to get it.

At his home in Rockaway Beach, Allen narrates as we watch his alter ego Joe growing up with parents Julie Kavnor and Michael Tucker and an assortment of loud and idiosyncratic relatives. The most interesting is the mother's single sister, played with

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sentiment and longing by Dianne Wiest, who perennially searches for a husband but attracts only unavailable or unsuitable suitors. These scenes of Brooklyn humdrum are intercut with the lives of the beautiful people in Manhattan. Mia Farrow plays Sally White from the world of radio celebrities and nightclubs that the crowded Brooklyn household only dreams about. Met in her struggling cigarette girl days, Farrow tackles a horrid New York accent that doesn't work in the same way it did for Ellen Greene in *Little Shop of Horrors*. But for the sake of one clever voice gag near the end of the movie, it is bearable. The usual entourage of Allen's familiar faces are seen in bit parts — Jeff Daniels, Tony Roberts, Wallace Shawn as the Masked Avenger, and Diane Keaton as a singer who looks and sounds like she stepped out of another Woody Allen picture, not the 1940s.

Radio Days is a series of precious, often romantic moments that add up to a pleasant, nostalgic journey which even those of us not born of the era can appreciate.

...An Orion Pictures release. A Jack Rollins and Charles H. Joffe production. Written and directed by Woody Allen; produced by Robert Greenhut; director of photography, Carlo Di Palma; edited by Susan Morse; starring Mia Farrow, Julie Kavner, Michael Tucker, Dianne Wiest, Seth Green, Josh Mostel. ★★



Julie Kavner, Seth Green, and Michael Tucker in *Radio Days*.

LOCAL PRODUCTION NOTES

✿ As of this writing, Tri-Star Pictures will release *Angel Heart* nationally on March 6, with a provocative X-rating. *Angel Heart* is British director Alan Parker's latest feature, shot in New York and New Orleans last spring, and stars Mickey Rourke, Robert De Niro, Lisa Bonet and Charlotte Rampling.

✿ Team Effort Productions of Miami shot exterior scenes for their feature production *The Unholy* in New Orleans in January. Actors Ben Cross (*Chariots of Fire*) and William Russ, a New Orleans native, were here for shooting. The rest of the

movie was filmed in Miami, and also stars Ned Beatty and Hal Holbrook.

✿ "Heritage: The Jews of New Orleans," a program on the history and accomplishments of Jewish people in the city, will be produced by Eddie Kurtz and WLAE-TV. A grant of \$10,000 has been awarded toward production costs by the Louisiana Endowment for the Humanities.

Kurtz Productions is also developing *Great River*, a dramatic television series documenting the exploration of America by the Sieur de LaSalle in the 17th Century, and the discovery and settlement of the great American heartland, the South and Midwest. The thirteen one-hour programs will be produced by Eddie Kurtz and Annick Smith, written by Newton Renfro, and directed by Glen Pitre.

✿ Shelley Duvall has signed to star in and co-produce (with Jean Doumanian, former producer of *Saturday Night Live*), a feature written by New Orleansian Andy Horton and Will Manus. Under the working title *Vendetta*, the film will be shot in Greece, with a tentative start date of August '87. Australian Fred Schepisi (*Chant of Jimmie Blacksmith*, *Plenty*) will direct.

✿ "A House Divided," a documentary about New Orleans desegregation, made its television debut February 6 on WVUE-TV in New Orleans. Written and directed by Burwell Ware, "A House Divided" explores the history of desegregation

through the eyes of the people who made civil rights history in our city. Narrated by James Earl Jones, the program includes extensive interviews with civil rights leaders and everyday citizens of New Orleans, recalling the times before, during and after the transition from a segregated society to an integrated one. "A House Divided" is a co-production of WVUE and Xavier University's Drexel Center for Extended Learning. Associate producer Rhonda Fabian reports that copies of the one-hour show have been distributed to local schools and libraries, and LPB of Baton Rouge will be airing the show in the near future. Watch for it if you missed the first telecast. This fine documentary should not be overlooked.

✿ The Contemporary Arts Center will offer several screenings in March, most notably *Shoah*, French filmmaker Claude Lanzmann's epic documentary on the holocaust. This ten-year effort for Lanzmann recalls the tragedy of the holocaust by focusing entirely on oral histories from witnesses and survivors. *Shoah* will be screened in two parts on consecutive nights at the Henson Auditorium at Newman School, 5335 Danneel Street. Tickets to the two-part screening are \$8 for CAC members and students, \$10 for non-members. Screening times are 7 p.m. Part 1 will be shown March 4, 7, 9, 11. Part 2 on March 5, 8, 10, 12.

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The Marvelettes Mess Around

In which the author embarks on a search for the perfect Tom Collins.

BUNNY MATTHEWS

The Tom Collins, composed of lemon juice, powdered sugar, dry gin, carbonated water, ice, a cherry or two and slices of lemon and orange, was named in honor of the bartender who created it. The story of Mr. Collins, the barman, has not survived as well as his famed cocktail but one can speculate, with reasonable certainty, that the inventor created his drink at some remote outpost of the British Empire; that the elixir was meant to revive the dauntless spirits of Etonians determined to teach grass-skirted savages the pleasures of cricket and civilisation.

Variations on the Tom Collins include the John Collins (in which Holland gin — whatever that is — is substituted for the dry gin), the Brandy Collins, the Mint Collins, the Orange Gin Collins, the Sloe Gin Collins, the Rum Collins, the Tequila Collins, the Whiskey Collins and the Vodka Collins. The general idea of the entire Collins family is to taste like pink lemonade and get you drunk.

The place to drink a Collins, appropriate to its colonial genesis, is out in the glare of sunlight, preferably next to a swimming pool full of Third Runners-Up in the Miss Wakulla Beach contest. Perhaps that's why the best Collins in New Orleans is the one concocted by bartender Louis Forstall in the downstairs, poolside bar at the Vista Shores Country Club. Louis has a "secret ingredient" he puts in his Collinses and the "secret" apparently never leaves the room since the Collinses to be found in the club's upstairs dining room never match their downstairs cousins.

The key, methinks, is the right proportion of club soda and sweetness. A lot of Collinses taste like spiked Hawaiian Punch, or worse: I recently sampled one at the Sheraton that exuded vodka and Sprite!

Since my bride and I are ever-vigilant for the perfect Collins, an invitation to witness the Marvelettes' opening last night at Georgie Porgie's and consume free drinks aroused our

interest — especially when we found out they were tossing in *hors d'oeuvres*. Georgie Porgie's, for the benefit of our readers in Iceland and Oman, is located in the downtown Hyatt shopping mall, in the shadow of the Louisiana Superdome. Among others, Georgie Porgie's clientele counts among its members plenty of conventioners and traveling salesmen, indulging in the final blow-out before the sombre trek home to the wife and kids in Minnesota.



During the past few months, the club has begun a policy of booking "oldies" acts. It's an intimate joint — sort of like the Rosy's of yore except the Warhols have been replaced by *panneaux décoratifs* loosely based on Alphonse Mucha. The seats are close enough to hear anything you need to know concerning strangers' medical predicaments or romantic encounters in elevators. The stage is within spitting distance of virtually every table.

As for the Important Stuff: the Collinses are pretty good; big, but a bit too sweet, in the realm of the infamous Hurricane. After the first one, I switched to Compari and soda (which, no matter where it's ordered, tastes like mouthwash, which is what I like about it). The *hors d'oeuvres*

were quite delectable: egg-rolls, barbecued chicken, turkey sandwiches, raw vegetables, fried cheese-balls. The waitress even warned us that the show would commence in five minutes and it was our last chance to order free drinks.

"It's SHOWTIME!" So announced a rich-voiced gentleman in beige formal attire, introducing himself as "Baron Von Dyke, formerly of the Drifters." Or maybe it was "Byron Von Dyke, formerly of the Coasters." I dunno — I was on my third free stiff drink. How many former Drifters and Coasters are there? I would reckon nearly as many alumni as those formerly aligned with the Ray Charles Orchestra: let's say less than 400,000.

Mr. Von Dyke is a very capable emcee and he speaks a sort of poetic language, a dialect compounded with gloriousness. Introducing a table of folks from *Performance*, a trade publication for concert promoters, Von Dyke called the journal "the most-read magazine in America and Europe." He then begged the audience's applause for the proprietress of "the city's finest Chinese restaurant" and for the house band, DeJa Vu, which is, indeed, a swell ensemble.

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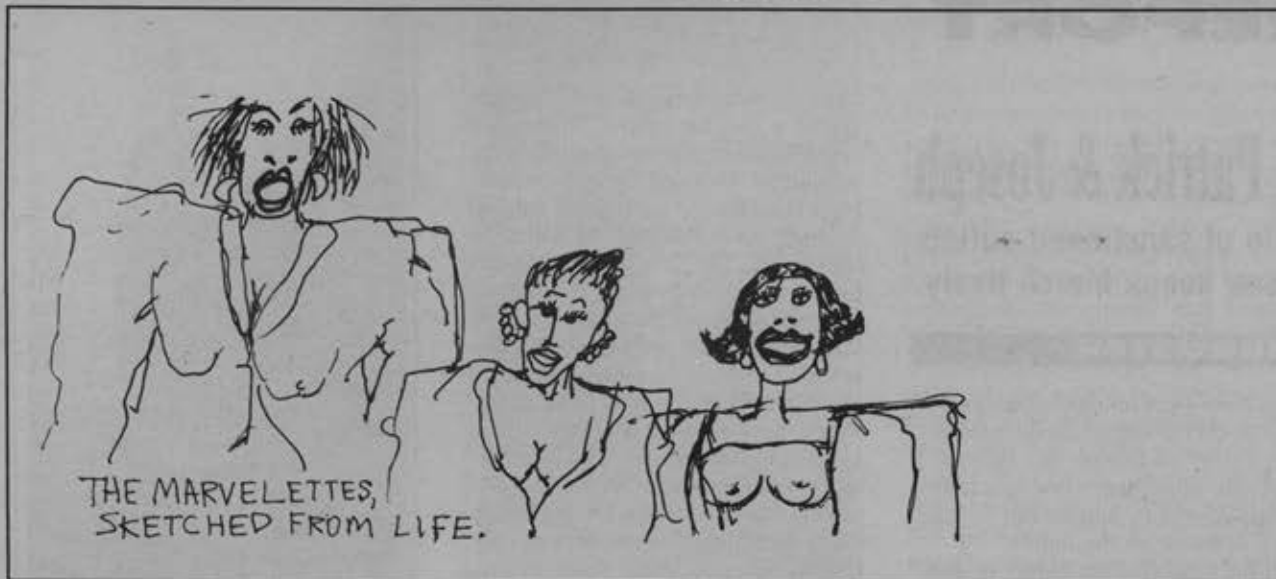
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ble. Led by guitarist Steve Hughes, veteran of many Allen Toussaint orchestras, the six-piece combo dabbles in jazzy cocktailisms and Christopher Cross. The saxophonist/vocalist and the hefty trumpeter, in particular, are excellent players.

After three songs, Mr. Von Dyke introduced, in a manner worthy of Keats or Shelley, the Marvelettes. They were great-looking, wearing those broad-shouldered pink satin jackets and white pants with crotches that began near the knees (bought, as the Marvs would note repeatedly during the evening, from Climax Fashions on Canal Street). Their names were Lonnie, Deborah and Brenda. Brenda was the tallest, wild-

est one and it was announced that she had just become a grandmother. All of the Marvelettes had bright red lipstick.

Lillian Roxon's *Rock Encyclopedia*, published in 1969, states the original "beautifully-bitchy" Marvelettes were named Wanda, Katherin and Gladys. My guess is that Wanda, Katherin and Gladys, being naturally crazy fun-loving types, decided — purely on a whim — to change their names to Lonnie, Deborah and Brenda. I doubt that they did it for religious reasons, although don't rule that out. Regardless, the Marvelettes in residence at Georgie Porgie's could belt the hits and what more could a travel-

ing salesman from the hinterlands require?

"Does anyone out there remember our number?" the Marvelettes asked the audience, all of whom had swallowed a half-dozen free drinks. Yep, the audience knew that number: "Beachwood 4-5789!"

And they knew "Playboy." Brenda sat on one of the traveling salesman's laps and sang it to him. His life was enriched.

The Marvelettes asked if anybody in the audience could sing. A drunk lady tried. Then a lady in a very tight orange dress sang. Not bad. Brenda said she wanted the lady's dress after the show. Then two of the girls from ELS, one of Allen Toussaint's pet

projects, sang. They both wore very tight black dresses and black nylons. One of the ELS girls had a run in her nylons. She said she wanted Brenda's pink satin jacket after the show.

It was very hard to concentrate, as you might imagine, on the fantastic singing and music because I kept wondering if all these different women were going to get together after the show and exchange jackets and dresses and hair-styling tips and the phone numbers of former Drifters and Coasters they know.

The finale of the show was "Don't Mess With Bill." Brenda grabbed a traveling salesman from ringside and hauled him onstage. The three Marvelettes whipped his jacket off and his keys and credit cards and phone numbers written on the backs of scraps of little pieces of paper went flying everywhere. The Marvs continued singing. They rubbed their bodies next to his. They kissed him all over his white shirt, leaving marks that would be very hard to explain to his wife. Brenda slowly sucked on his paisley tie, until she had the entire thing in her mouth. The salesman was in heaven. He deserved a hand.

"What's your name, honey?" Brenda asked, fooling with the button on her pink jacket, by now extremely wrinkled by the frenetic dancing and body-rubbing.

The salesman grinned: "I'm Bill."

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CHOMP REPORT

For the Glory of Saints Patrick & Joseph

A couple of sanctioned outlets to the Lenten season keeps March lively.

STEVE ARMBRUSTER

March has always been an excellent month for parades. Although Mardi Gras is often history by its beginning, there are two other celebrations that assure us of good times. Fixed permanently in the mid-month calendar are the feast days of Saints Patrick and Joseph. These figures are the cultural heroes, the spiritual guides, of the Irish and the Italians. Each nationality swarmed to New Orleans during the heydays of immigration and continue to thrive here to this day. Although both groups, being intensely Catholic, tend to give themselves up to the rigors of Lenten sacrifice, they still honor their personal patrons. This may seem like a loophole to some, but to others it is divine common sense. The Catholic church wants its followers to honor their saints. Curbing spirits on a feast day might dampen the fervor or diminish their respect. Patron saints need respect or they can't do their jobs. Besides, the Church in its wis-

dom knows that human nature tends to take us off the wagon at odd intervals. Forty days of fasting can become a drag. By providing a few sanctioned outlets, the holy fathers can at least keep deviance in the family.

If the branch of the family in question is native to New Orleans, then expect their respects to be paid in that style. Witness, for example, a scene from a bygone St. Patrick's Day Parade.

A Saints linebacker stepped into a papier-mache pocket and launched his pass. A gaggle of receivers yelped wildly and waved excited, inebriated arms. They were wide-open on a second-story balcony. In his excitement at choosing a target, our special-guest hurler let forth with much too mighty a heave. The dense vegetable gleamed green under the Magazine Street sun as it sailed up over arms dangled with beads and hands holding go-cups. Higher it flew. Higher still, until the sound of a full-grown cab-

bage crashing through windowpanes spread across the crowd. This caused some to cheer and point towards the wreckage. The slightly contrite cabbage launcher waved a good-natured apology as his flatbed truck rolled up the route. The would-be receivers turned their attention to the floats yet to come, knowing that many sacks of booty were still waiting to be dispersed. On came the parade, and not a second thought was paid to the glass. When the procession was over, all the spectators were wearing green necklaces, tinkling green doubloons, and also if they were lucky, and very many were, juggling one or more cabbages. Glasses were then raised, songs were sung, and friends put their arms around each other in gestures of mutual support, as everyone wandered off into the neighboring afternoon.

All this was done for the greater honor and glory of St. Patrick, the man who drove the snakes from Ireland. It will be done this year and every year, wherever the Irish may dwell. The feast itself is on March 17. Celebrations will erupt on this day in Boston, Dublin, New York, and more. I doubt, however, that any of their parades feature the massive exchange of cabbage, the gift that keeps on giving.

We have two major parades for St. Patrick. One is on the Saturday pre-



ceding his feastday. It is an Uptown affair, originating in the Irish Channel. The second comes twenty-four hours later (March 15) in Marvelous Metry.

It seems unnecessary to be Irish to ride in these parades. They have the air of neighborhood get togethers, with much mixed blood. If you had to guess, you might say the true Irish were wearing the most green and singing the loudest. No traditional folk songs are heard, as in other cities. Versions of "When Irish Eyes Are Smiling" get repeated over and over again. But soon the bands lapse back into "Second Line," and the jigs start getting funky.



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They will barely be sober before the Italians take to their heels. March 19 is the feast day of St. Joseph, husband of Mary and guardian of Jesus. He is the special patron of Sicily, origin of most Italians who settled in New Orleans. He is also protector of the family, the single most important unit of Italian culture. To a people proud of their heritage and mindful of their history, the symbol of St. Joseph is a crucial one. They rally under his banner and revel in simply being Italian. On Saturday evening, March 21, they will take to the streets of the French Quarter, haven to many of their immigrant ancestors.

The parade is mostly on foot. A few vehicles carry young maids in white dresses, officers and elders, or honored celebrities. This year's honorary grand marshal — hold your hearts, ex-teenagers — will be none other than Fabian. The rest of his krewes, formally dressed in tuxedo and sash, come with their walking shoes attached. As they stroll, they trade paper carnations for kisses and hand out lucky Fava beans by the thousands.

Unlike the cabbage, these beans are not meant to be eaten. They may still be found in Central Grocery but are more common today in feedstores, where they are sold for cattle and goats. The ones handed out for luck have first been soaked in water and then baked rock solid. They can be kept for years in pockets or purses and rubbed to a brilliant sheen. Ideally,



they should remind us how fortunate we are to live in the land of supermarkets and Hefty bags.

The Irish and Italians have much in common. Both were people predominantly farmers, uprooted by famine or replaced by machines. When crops failed, they would starve. Food became their most precious possession. The Irish lived off cabbage and potatoes; the Italians survived on Fava beans. When a severe famine lifted from Sicily, the people gave the credit to St. Joseph. Thus, his feast day has become like Thanksgiving.

Throughout the community, people construct altars in his honor. Some may be in churches or halls, but many are in the living rooms of private homes. Each is a platform that steps up four or five tiers, completely covered from end to end with an amazing assortment of foods in great quantities and many styles. Mixed among them are candles, statues, and holy pictures. The other furnishings and walls are also given over to elaborate iconography and even more candles. This creates an overwhelming impression of being inside a great shrine. It is done to beg St. Joseph for help or thank him for favors already granted.

Diane Pope was a woman with a very serious favor to ask, and she was not even Italian. She prayed that her mother be able to walk, and she built an altar to emphasize her sincerity. Unbelievably, her request was

granted. Grateful, she has maintained an altar ever since. Last year alone she prepared the following: stuffed artichokes, crabs, bell peppers, and tomatoes; made salads with shrimp, crawfish, crab, and lobster; boiled crabs and shrimp; baked redfish, fried trout, made shrimp creole, shrimp stew, crawfish etouffe and bisque, and two different seafood gumbos, one red, one brown. She steamed broccoli and other vegetables. She pickled vegetables: giardiniera, caponata. She had breads baked in the shapes of a cross, an artichoke, a heart, a fish, and a beard. She also baked cakes in fourteen different shapes. For this, she had ten separate ovens going at once in various apartments of a complex where she worked. She also made several kinds of cookies and a few more things I have forgotten. There was no meat, however; this was, after all, during Lent. Anyway, the Sicilian farmers would have needed their animals for eggs and milk. They could not afford to eat them.

All this food was given away free to whomever walked through the door. Over five hundred people were fed, and there was still some left over. Before a plate was empty, it would be replenished. The public represents "the poor," and no one goes away hungry.

During the few days leading up to March 19, the *Times-Picayune* runs a column in the classifieds under the special heading "St. Joseph Altar." Last year's entries numbered over twenty, each a separate altar bearing the same invitation, "Public Invited."

Mrs. Pope thinks she will take this year off. She certainly deserves it. A wedding in the family and some hospital visits were expensive endeavors. Last year she spent upwards of a thousand dollars, even with some donations and wholesale prices offered by suppliers. It also takes heroic amounts of labor to prepare that much food. Who can fault her for sitting this one out? She has already been made an honorary Italian, and her mother is still a strong walker. We, the public, must check the papers to locate some other taste of a miracle.

By the way, St. Joseph is also the patron saint of the Mardi Gras Indians. The only two times they take to the streets are Mardi Gras and St. Joseph's Day. Their current practice is to assemble along Bayou St. John on the Sunday following the feast. They head up Orleans Avenue beginning about noon. I imagine St. Joseph enjoys that tribute also and would not mind seeing you in that number. ●

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RICK COLEMAN

Up From the Cradle of Jazz

Jason Berry, Jonathan Foote, and Tad Jones
The University of Georgia Press
\$15.95 paper/\$35. cloth

Tad Jones tells me that this book is already in its third printing a few months after publication, so anything I might say about it will not affect its success. *Cradle* has had loads of positive reviews, including a couple by the godfathers of jazz criticism, Nat Hentoff and Leonard Feather, and only one negative review. The success of a book about New Orleans music is something everyone who reads this magazine would favor, but some commentary from a local perspective is important.

Cradle exceeds even its forefather John Broven's *Walking to New Orleans* (1974) in its ambition. In the prologue Jason Berry sets the objectives of the book:

"...to extend the historical terrain of rhythm-and-blues by charting parallel courses of modern jazz and the Mardi Gras Indians; and to portray within this narrative the rise of postwar music in New Orleans amid the transformation of a long-segregated society."

Certainly the authors had the wherewithal to attempt their objectives. Tad Jones is known as one of the finest researchers on New Orleans music. His credits include articles in *Living Blues* and the only course ever taught on New Orleans rhythm & blues (at UNO). Jonathan Foote is likewise a fine researcher and interviewer. Foote and Berry's film *Up From the Cradle of Jazz* (1980) is a

moving personal portrait of two New Orleans musical families, the Lasties and the Nevilles, and hopefully will be released on videotape to coincide with the book's success.

For the most part the book is successful in the attempt to chronicle modern jazz and Mardi Gras Indian music. The chapters on these forms are welcome additions to the body of work on New Orleans music. The first chapter on jazz, along with the complementing chapter on the Lastie family, are moving visions of the struggle of New Orleans musicians to stay true to their muse despite staggering adversities, and show the kindred spirit strongly shared among the players. Unfortunately, the two chapters include little hard information on a key member of the Lastie family and the AFO combo — Melvin Lastie, who died in 1972. Moreover, the decision to have 1980 as a cutoff date for the book cripples the second chapter on jazz, which is over-burdened with album reviews and bits on minor figures to the detriment of information on the modern jazz explosion in New Orleans in the last few years. [For a more complete picture of the early AFO modernists a four album (with booklet) package, *New Orleans Heritage Jazz: 1956-1966*, is particularly recommended. The set is available for \$35 postage paid from Harold Battiste, 5752 Bowcroft St., Los An-

geles, California 90016. An extra album is \$5 more.]

The chapters on the Mardi Gras Indians (along with Willie Tee and the Neville Brothers) are a fascinating tapestry of research and oral history emphasizing the environmental factors in the creation of the Indians and their relationship with the younger rhythm & blues performers. Each chapter has a minor flaw, however. The first theorizes a lot without showing an acceptable connection between true Indians and their Afro-American counterparts. The second dwells on Willie Tee without much information on Bo Dollis, chief of the Wild Magnolias, even though he is mentioned throughout. The third fails to take the narrative up to the Neville Brothers' 1984 album *Neville-ization*, which, to my mind, is the only record that has shown them at their peak.

Other sections of *Cradle* stand out — the chapters on the clubs and the deejays fill out in detail the thumbnail sketches in John Broven's book on the local scene; the chapters on Guitar Slim, Dr. John, and the Meters are excellent in-depth biographies complementing Jeff Hannusch's *I Hear You Knockin'*; the bibliography is a superb source for future researchers; the photographs, many from Michael Smith and the Ralston Crawford Collection are spectacular, though reproduced somewhat darkly in my copy.

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For the most part, however, the chapters on the rhythm & blues era (roughly 1947 to 1967) are somewhat weak.

Chapter six is based on an interesting premise: early rhythm & blues performers are remembered by Vernon "Dr. Daddy-O" Winslow. Winslow's reminiscences are delightful, but the intervening narrative is very much mundane bio material, rehashing the artists' greatest hits and downfalls with some superficial musical analysis. Apparently due to a lack of space, the bulk of the R&B biographies follow this same pattern. Moreover, from reading them one would think that New Orleans R&B was produced in a vacuum, as there is very little mention of the music's vital relationship with the larger world of popular music. Even the "dominant research theme" of "the urban culture as musical seedbed" is lost. Except for some anemic theorizing about musical osmosis from everyday sounds, the authors concentrate on the structures, musical families, clubs, etc. — that facilitated the rise and expansion of the music rather than seriously analyzing the actual sources of the music.

There is also a problem in the organization of the material, emphasizing the lack of direction in the narrative. The chapter on piano players, chronologically in the 1970s,



is simply a grab bag of piano players who didn't fit into the other chapters, including Tommy Ridgley, whose most popular records were between 1949 and 1962 and who is better known as a vocalist/bandleader, and session and jazz pianist Edward Frank, who is the subject of two woefully misplaced paragraphs. Earl King, who by rights should be the crucial link in the chapter on Huey Smith and Guitar Slim and whose last chart hit was in 1962, is in the post-

British Invasion chapter, as is Clarence Henry, whose biggest hits were produced in 1961 by Allen Toussaint.

There also seems to be a degree of subjectivity in the work in which the authors lean toward the artists and music in the 1970s with which they are most familiar. This slant is apparent in the chapter on Professor Longhair. In eight pages of text on Longhair, 1½ pages are devoted to his life and recordings from 1918 to 1970. Five of the remaining pages con-

centrate of the Seventies, including two pages on Fess' funeral.

Tragically, the authors seem to deem their own words more important than their subjects' far too often. Tad Jones once printed an 11-page interview with Professor Longhair in *Living Blues*. In eight pages here there are only five miniscule quotes from Longhair. The book is filled with tiny snippets from dozens of extremely rare interviews, including one-liners from many — Longhair, Chris Kenner, Leonard Lee, Lee Diamond, Tuts Washington, Big Chief Jolley, Walter Lastie, Dave Williams, etc. — who are now deceased. A book simply of the authors' interviews would have been fascinating and very insightful as well.

I will not go into the pretensions of the prologue and epilogue and the general slickness of the prose. Suffice it to say the authors have a strong academic background and were apparently attempting to impress the academic/arts community. In fact, the book very much resembles a textbook.

With the scope that the authors chose and the amount of research they had available, *Up from the Cradle of Jazz* could have been, and certainly *should have been*, two books — one on the R&B era and one on more recent music. As it is, it is still essential, but only half done.

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'...There's insanity around/
That's what you get when you
bury above ground.'

JAMES LIEN

This winter has truly been a productive one for independent records, particularly in the New Orleans area. In recent months several local bands of importance have all released records on independent labels, and doubtlessly more will follow. It seems that, in spite of the economy, the change in the drinking age, and the lack of a WTUL marathon to foster local talent, now is still a good time to put out a record on an independent label. One knowledgeable source on the practical and financial aspects of independent record release informs us that he has not heard of an independent record in the last year that, given even only modest efforts to promote it, did not at least return the money invested by the artist, if not indeed turn a profit.

So if there is a lesson to be learned from this month's column, it's that there's not as much stopping all the bands out there from making records as they might think; You Too can have a record, You Too can be a rock star.

Dash Rip Rock

Dash Rip Rock
688 Records, P.O. Box 54343, Atlanta, Georgia 30308

Dash Rip Rock (actually some would argue it's DaSh Rip Rock) have finally arrived. On this, their debut album on 688 Records, the Louisiana-based but nationally-known band offers a rich serving of "songs from the Sportsman's Paradise." More than just a slogan from an early t-shirt design, this statement is actually a good indication of what to expect from the band's debut album. Their songs don't always seem to refer to specifics, but rather suggest places, stories, and the ambience of the South. It's a world of gambling, of duels under oak alleys, nightmares, and stumppwater hallucinations. Recorded last summer at Axis studios in Atlanta, formerly an old gospel studio (and whose recent clients include Drivin' and Cryin', 86, and none other than the Georgia Sattelites) by producer George Pappas, at times the very air of the recordings seems infused with this mystique. Most of the album closely resembles the band's ferocious and feverish barroom set on a good night, featuring their strong rockabilly and country influence (they cover "I Saw The Light"), combining with their own ideas to create their particular brand of rock 'n' roll that has gathered them quite a following in the South and East.

Featuring revised and reworked versions of older Dash material such as "Specialty" and "Shake That Girl" (originally the B-side of their first single), and the haunting "Endeavor," the album presents the strengths of their diverse repertoire as accentuated by Pappas' tasteful production. Silent and somber bassist Hoaky Hickel makes his compositional debut, sunglasses and all, on "Hell's Scared," featuring his ominous, lurking basslines. Drummer and singer Fred LeBlanc turns in his strongest Riprock riffs yet with the excellent "Just Like Your Mama" (with strong potential to be an AOR single) and "Operator" (as found on the earlier 688 Records Sampler of last year). The remainder of the songs, penned by guitarist and vocalist Bill Davis, range from rockabilly-inspired rave-ups to sincere, insightful ballads often based upon the curious phenomena of Davis' native Louisiana. An example of this occurs in

the song "Old Bridge," where Davis sings "Somewhere in the city there's insanity around/ That's what you get when you bury above ground."

Although they often seem to draw upon literary themes for song material, Davis is cautious to downplay the role of literature in the band's songwriting. Although he admits to having read a lot of Southern writers, he is quick to stress that it's not as if Dash Rip Rock is drawing specifically upon the literature as much as people sometimes seem to imagine. The influence upon Dash Rip Rock lies more in the things that are elements of the culture rather than the details of the literature itself. After all, in Louisiana people really do dig for lost Confederate gold. The idea is to give people who are not from here a picture of the spookiness and mystique that is Louisiana. Dash Rip Rock has successfully captured the richness (not economic, of course) and color of their heritage with a startling clarity. While steeped in the mythology and legacy of their origins, they avoid wallowing in the cliched Southern imagery of many of their contemporaries. Their vision is extraordinarily literate, honest, and authentically personal. They live in a land that remembers its past, its ancestors, where cemeteries are above ground, and where people still dig for buried treasure.

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"Expressions"/"That's Something" 7" 45
Carryon Records, 1517 Cambonne, New Orleans, LA 70118

Thirty By Ninety, another local New Orleans band, has recently released a 7" single on their own Carryon Label located in New Orleans. Elegantly self-produced and recorded last year in their home studio, the music on this double A-sided (side A and side one) shows in its two songs the diverseness of the group. Side one, "That's Something," grooves and sweats like a Defunkt or Sly and Robbie song, a heavy excursion into whiteboy funk, in the vein of Shreik-back or Talking Heads. Side A, however, is more melodic, a clearly crafted pop song with more emphasis on the guitars and sentimentality. Sounding like a cross between college radio staples like Winter Hours, and the progressive FM slickness of The Police, "Expressions" is a mellow if somewhat overly romantic ballad that frames the singers' well-developed if slightly overly melancholic vocals in shimmering guitars and crisp production. Obviously, recording at home has allowed the band to invest the time and effort necessary to make a record as carefully crafted as this one, and the extra work has clearly paid off for them.

Shell Shock

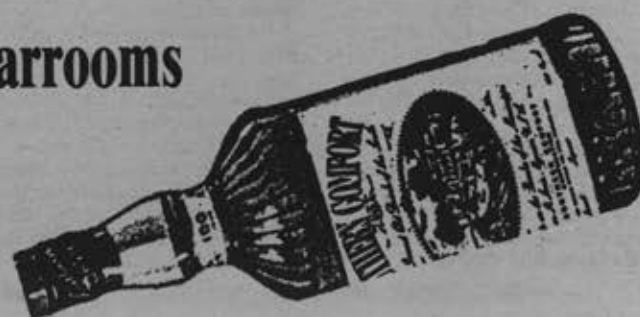
Whites of Their Eyes

Splatter Records, P.O. Box 6005, Metairie, LA 70009

After over five years and several 7" releases, Shell Shock have finally come up with a full-length bonafide album. *Whites of Their Eyes* gives the listener a pretty good idea of what Shell Shock sound like live, or for that matter, practicing at their parents' garage in Metairie. Recorded mostly early last year, this album reflects more the early Black Flag style hardcore of the earlier Shell Shock as opposed to the ominous speedmetal leanings they have taken to in recent months. Needless to say, they'll never really be a speedmetal band, at least with the pants they're wearing now. The only real flaw with this record lies in its production and pressing quality; the cardboard box drums and bathroom vocals are a problem in spite of the band's insistence that the album was "digital Mastered." I sure wouldn't want to buy this one on compact disc. Anyway, they're tight, they're fast, they're good, and they do "Born to Be Wild" in overdrive (but not "Wild Thing"). To the engineer's credit, it does sound a lot better when you turn it up LOUD.

THE GREAT BARS OF NEW ORLEANS

Over the last 2½ centuries, New Orleans barrooms have been the stage for the high drama that is this city's way of life.



BY D. ERIC BOOKHARDT

New Orleans' old French-Spanish quarter is the only decent inhabited district that I discovered in America. From the architecture to the manners of the people, their clothes, customs and cookery, all was delightful. It was like being back in Europe again with the added charm of a certain wildness and romance; it was a civilization sui generis, with its own peculiar adornment in the way of history. It enabled me to realize the spirit of the Middle Ages as even the most remote and time-honored towns of Europe rarely do. I took a room conveniently close to the Old Absinthe House, where one could get real absinthe prepared in fountains whose marble was worn by ninety years' continual dripping.

On the outskirts of the Spanish quarter was a large and picturesque red light section; one of the most interesting places of its kind that I have ever seen. In fact, if we except Cairo, it would have been hard to beat.

— Aleister Crowley, 1915
(from *The Confessions of Aleister Crowley*)

Most local folk have had to explain this city's reputation at some point — a reputation for boozy excess and decadent behavior. Relatives back in Little Rock or Augusta usually want to know if what they've heard is true, and why. On the first point — yes, whatever they have heard is usually true. But the second — why — is usually more difficult. A few uhs and ums followed by some mumbled words about the humidity and the French, and then finally the punch line: "well, it is a port city..."

Of course... a port city! Port cities mean sailors and everybody knows that seamen are able-bodied in name only, that when in port they are found in bars, red-faced invertebrate inebriates, glasses and bottles

clinging to them like barnacles. Of course — that must be why New Orleans has more bars per square foot than any city in North America. (And with the merchant marine all washed up, the sailors are always in port.)

Port cities mean riff-raff, human flotsam and jetsam, the shadowy mystique of Humphrey Bogart, Peter Lorre, Anna Mae Wong. When it comes to port city mystique, New Orleans is right up there in the big leagues with places like Shanghai, Marseilles, Casablanca and Havana in the old days.

Such exotic visions are handy enough, but in reality the matter goes even deeper. For bars have been an integral part of life here for as long as there have been people in this city. Bars are institutions that function as centers for this city's highly ritualistic way of life: for personal rituals, social rituals, community and civic rituals; for rituals of sports, the arts and politics among others. For those who grew up here bars and drinking were central to rites of passage into adulthood; other bars figured into other rituals even into maturity and old age. Geopolitical rituals — coups, plots and mad schemes of empire, have routinely been hatched in local barrooms, and few cities, states or nations were completely safe from such visions of destiny concocted over a Dixie long neck or Ramos gin fizz.

But, while the world is historically not immune to the influence of New Orleans bars, it has been said that here in the Crescent City our local history is actually made in bars — is in fact a product of bars. (Actually bars and whorehouses but as the latter has been in political decline for the last quarter century, we will here concern ourselves with the former.)

Napoleon, Bob Dylan & Growing Up Local

Being of drinking age is certainly of symbolic importance to most teenagers. It marks a turning

point of sorts. It signifies being part of the Real World, of having affect and effect, of being Serious (like somebody who could be on tv news and not just by accident).

In New Orleans we were all aware of this, our little teenage brains buzzing with such hormonally colored perceptions. If eighteen then you were legally and officially Of Age — but if you were under eighteen and could still manage to get served at a bar, then you were ahead of the game. This was evidence that you were already taken seriously (or else that you had a friend or relative behind the bar, which wasn't so bad either).

This was of particular significance here because we all grew up knowing that bars were very important local institutions. We knew that because local history always seemed to be associated with them — this was a tradition going back at least to Napoleon, who we all knew was the founder of the state's legal code and had his own bar in the Quarter, at the corner of Chartres and St. Louis. Or something like that; as kids we were still hazy about the details.

Being a kid in the early Sixties — the vestigial extension of the late Fifties — was probably somewhat stifling anywhere in America. Here at least we had the French Quarter to escape to (after hitting the five cent pinball machines at the penny arcade on Canal Street).

The early Sixties was also the belle epoch of the Beat Generation. Poets and folk singers like Bob Dylan were beginning to make a name for themselves, and drifted across the country, hanging out in trashy dives in odd neighborhoods like the French Quarter. Now as kids we all knew that there were all sorts of dives that we could have a great time getting into all sorts of trouble in scattered around the Quarter — but we were underage. The really cool, notorious bars like La Casa De Los Marineros wouldn't let us in most of the time (kids were always



Johnny Spericio's Bar. Johnny is fourth from the left, behind the bar. He is Alma Laine Gascheck's godfather. Jack Laine, famous New Orleans jazz musician, is at the far right with CCRC shirt. 1901.

trying to crash it) so we had to make do with a couple of coffee houses which were so dim and smoky that nobody could see that you were just a kid or cared if they did. (These were places like Ivan's on Esplanade, later Rampart, where Lee Harvey Oswald hung out before getting into trouble for purportedly assassinating President Kennedy. Some of my young aspiring arms dealer friends at Fortier High School used to talk shop with him there before he fell into difficulty.)

Actually we used to go to some of those foreign sailors' joints on Decatur Street first — places where they would serve a nursery school kid if he had a dollar and could reach the counter with it. We could buy ouzos at the Acropolis, while Greek sailors did Greek dances with each other and chased enormous fat whores. All this kept the bar help so distracted that nobody noticed or cared how old anybody was. After getting woozy on ouzos we would saunter down to some coffee house where someone who may or may not have been Ginsberg was reciting poetry, and someone who may or may not have been Dylan sang a folk dirge, as an actual or potential Lee Oswald sulked silently in a corner.

On towards midnight these bohemian refugees would drift off to places like the Seven Seas on St. Philip Street or to La Casa nearby, and we were left out in the cold (or heat), out of the action, with nothing to do but smoke foreign cigarettes and evaporate back up St. Charles Avenue in somebody or other's car.

Fortier High School was something of a pressure cooker then. In the mid-1960s it was all white and overcrowded with frats, greasers, nerds, and assorted characters, a public school bastion of Uptown conservatism in an age when racial and social protest hung in the air like an electric charge. Sometimes the atmosphere felt like Moscow in 1917. The staff seemed to think it was Moscow in 1917. It was

perhaps for that reason, or perhaps simply for reasons of ordinary boredom, that vodka martinis became a popular addition to the student lunch menu.

This came about in a variety of ways. By the time we were seniors some kids had aged so much that nobody thought to check their ID. And then of course, since it was common at that time for lesser students to flunk and have to repeat a grade, some kids didn't graduate until they were at least 20. Vodka was popular because it didn't linger on your breath — the scent of gin could get you expelled.

Legends

For whatever reason, Graffagnino's on Laurel and Henry Clay did a booming business in vodka around midday and just after three. (It was called "Graff's" — the Fortier yearbook even had a Graff's award for certain students whose reputations were closely linked to the place.) Other places popular with high school kids because their bar help was no judge of age included Cusimano's, also famous for its pinball machines, and Victor's in the Quarter. None of these places still survives, unfortunately, except in fond memories. (However, a liquor store on Carrollton that wouldn't sell booze to anyone under 12 is still around.) High school dance places like the now-resurgent F & M also provided some opportunities for the tippler. Of course there was the unforgettable experience of confronting the eternal mysteries in the back parking lot at Lenfant's — the tactile intricacies of bra straps made yet more profound by the view of endless cemetery markers and the neurological rush of bourbon and coke. Other mysteries took the form of those amazing layered drinks at Nick's on Tulane Avenue.

By the time we were out of high school and Of Age to drink legally, Ginsberg, Kerouac, Dylan and Mick Jagger were too famous to hang out anymore at

places like the Seven Seas and La Casa De Los Marineros. But everybody else did. The Quarter was more of a real neighborhood haunt, rather than a Babylon of commercialized antiquity, but those two places drew people from all over town.

Other famous French Quarter cases of the period were the still-popular Cosimos — always a true neighborhood haunt, the previously mentioned Victor's, and such transcendent perennials as the Napoleon House, and that busiest bar of the Western World, Pat O'Brien's. On Bourbon Street the hyper-historic Absinthe House — New Orleans' oldest bar, and the almost perennial Lucky Pierre's held sway.

La Casa De Los Marineros was in many ways the ultimate New Orleans bar of the latter half of the 20th century. From its rise sometime in the 1950s to its demise in the first part of the 1970s, it managed to epitomize fashionable bohemian wildness in the French Quarter. It was one of the great underground places of all time.

Originally it was a haunt for latin and Hispanic sailors, hence its name. Then the artist-intellectuals of the Fifties and Sixties began hanging out there to soak up its earthy vitality — it was famous for extravagant dancing and colorful knife fights. The latter were short lived — Felix the proprietor, a formidable Cuban, maintained decorum with a baseball bat. Eventually the emergent liberated youth of the period took over the back room with its good loud jukebox. On a Saturday night when it was especially busy, the back room would be jumping with some hard-driving rock, Rolling Stones or equivalent. It was not possible to dance on those occasions — bodies were too densely packed. Instead the whole crowd would sort of writhe and pulsate to the deafening beat as a dazed guy and/or girl gyrated atop the cigarette machine, pounding rhythm on a tambourine, while in the front room it was frenzied Spanish dancing and abortive knife fights as usual.

But then there was a middle chamber in between, a central bar that was like a DMZ. There could be found Uptown folk slumming after a Mardi Gras ball, perhaps a doctor or a judge, a couple trying to repair a quarrel, shadowy characters exchanging sums of money, and perhaps a poet passed out in the corner. In its prime, La Casa De Los Marineros was a microcosm of democracy, at least in its New Orleans form.

History and Decadence

In the early 1970s President Nixon announced that his government would stamp out decadence. Suddenly decadence became enormously popular — the age of glitter rock, Lou Reed, and the emergent androgynous David Bowie had arrived.

As raw, earthy vitality became eclipsed by cool, studied decadence, new places like Deja Vu (in its first incarnation) rose to prominence. Pseudo-elegant and on two levels, Deja Vu was a high-tone disco where an elaborate stereo system and high-fashion waitresses replaced for the in-crowd the competing juke boxes and bat-wielding bar help of places like La Casa De Los Marineros. Other "decadent" disco bars of the early Seventies were Pete's Place and the Cavern, both on Bourbon Street and both catering to the most "mixed" crowds seen either before or since.

Other hot spots of the period were Trinity's, sort of a lackluster Uptown version of Deja Vu and setting for a sensational society murder, the Red Lion (Uptown's answer to the Seven Seas), and Forty-One Forty-One, which always has seemed like some Metairie developer's idea of what a high-tone Uptown place should be like.

With the founding of Tipitina's, Jimmy's, the Dream Palace in the mid-Seventies, raw earthy vitality came back with a vengeance. New Orleans rhythm and blues (and to a lesser extent jazz, blues and reggae) had taken the momentum, and live mus-



Graffagnino's: Vodka martinis were de rigueur at Fortier High.

D. Eric Bookhardt

ic clubs set the stage for the scene that has held sway ever since.

Decadence and History

Ultimately the most interesting thing about the last thirty years may be how little things have actually changed. Thirty years ago some of the most popular hangouts mentioned by those who came of age in the Fifties were Bruno's, which was and is (and will be, God willin') on Maple Street near Tulane's campus, the deceased Victor's and La Casa, but also Pat O'Brien's, the Napoleon House and the Old Absinthe House, all still going strong.

Until recently, for a pre-dawn breakfast after an all-nighter on the town, the famous Lucky Pierre's

on Bourbon Street attracted a social spectrum that defied sociology. This was yet another place with a long past history.

Lucky's was an institution — the kind of place that made New Orleans seem like an endless Fellini movie. The front parlor looked a lot like a whorehouse, mostly because it, in a sense, was. There was a piano-bar, lots of baroque furniture and ornate marble and plaster trappings, all of it dimly lit. On a good evening with an entertaining singer-pianist like Janis Medlock belting out show tunes and exchanging banter with the frosty blonde hookers (who mostly seemed to have a lot of mileage on them) placed strategically at the bar or on the ornate overstuffed furniture — the effect could be quite surreal. (Especially when the girl's patrons turned up as the hour

HAPPY HOUR CHART

sunday monday tuesday wednesday thursday friday saturday

Charity's Tavern 1005 Lowerline 866-9396 50¢ draft \$1 domestics Le Bon Temps Roule 4801 Magazine 899-9228 \$1.50 Bloody Marys 11-5 p.m. Shanahan's 6225 S. Claiborne Crayfish Boil 2-6 p.m. Tipitina's 501 Napoleon 897-3943 Red Beans and Rice \$3 cover Inter-Continental Hotel Lounge 444 St. Charles Ave. Free hot and cold hors d'oeuvres 5-7 pm. 7 days a week Maple Leaf 8316 Oak 866-9359 \$1 Schnapps 7 days a week	Cafe Banquette 3445 Prytania 891-2227 \$1.75 Margaritas and Free Tacos 4-7 p.m. Charity's \$1.75 imports Georgie Porgie's 601 Loyola 566-0000 Hot hors d'oeuvres 4-8 p.m. Meridien Hotel 614 Canal 525-6500 Appetizers 4:30-6:30 p.m. Columns Hotel 2 for 1 bar 4:30-7 p.m. Monday-Friday Cafe Panache 2 for 1 bar 4-7 p.m. Monday-Saturday Free Buffet Casa Garcia 8814 Veterans Memorial Blvd. Margarita Special 3-7 p.m. TJ Quills 2 for 1 3-7 p.m. Monday-Friday J.B. Rivers Riverwalk 2 for 1 cocktails Free hors d'oeuvres 5-8 p.m., Monday-Friday Free parking after 5 p.m.	Carrollton Station 8140 Willow 865-9190 \$1.50 imports Le Bon Temps Roule 50¢ draft Free Oysters 7-10 p.m. NOLA's 3137 Calhoun Free Tacos \$1.50 Coronas \$1.50 Tequila shots 8-10 p.m. Ocean Club Melville-Dewey Dr. Metairie 834-4010 Free Buffet 5-10 p.m. 90¢ Coronas 90¢ Shooters 9-12 The 8007 866-9008 \$1 Coronas McGavock's 500 Canal St. Men's drinks 1/2 price The Park Free hors d'oeuvres 5-7 p.m. Monday-Friday Ernst Cafe 600 S. Peters 4-7 pm Ladies Free M-F Free Hors d'oeuvres Sheraton Airport Lounge Happy hour with \$2 gourmet buffet 5-7 p.m. Monday-Friday	Lentants 5236 Canal 486-1512 Free Buffet 7-9 p.m. \$1.00 Drinks 5-8 p.m. Madigan's 800 S. Carrollton 866-9455 Ladies Night 9-12 p.m. Que Sera 3636 St. Charles 897-2598 3 for 1 4-7 p.m. Shanahan's 25¢ draft 9-12 Partview Tavern \$1 domestic 4-7, Monday-Friday Tuesday Ladies Discount McGavock's 500 Canal 4:30-7 Free hot hors d'oeuvres 4141 Ladies Free 6-11 The Boot 50¢ highballs Hofbrau 8-10 p.m. 1/2 price on all fresh fruit drinks & margaritas.	The Boot 866-9008 3 for 1 drinks Cafe Banquette Free Ladies Drinks 8-12 Lentants Free Buffet 7-9 p.m. NOLA's 50¢ Draft 8-10 Little Annie's Cafe 2 for 1 4-7, Monday-Friday Charity's 2 for 1 pitchers Cooter Brown's 509 S. Carrollton \$1.50 imports 9-11 Flagon's "End of the Bin" Special \$5-10 bottles of wine 4-7, Monday-Friday Brothers-in-Law 50¢ draft \$1 Molson Gold 4-7, Monday-Friday 4141 Ladies Free 5-8 Thurs., Fri. Cosimo's 2 for 1 6-8 p.m. Mon. & Tues. also	Bruno's 7601 Maple 861-7615 Casa Garcia Metairie Free hors d'oeuvres Cafe Banquette 2 for 1 9 p.m.-1 a.m. Le Bon Temps Roule Free Oysters 6-9 50¢ draft 6-8 Philip's 733 Cherokee 865-1155 50¢ draft all day NOLA's Ladies Free 10-12 The Boot \$1 Jaegermeister Parlay's 2 for 1 5-8, Monday-Friday Palace Suite Hotel Reflections (formerly Ramada) Canal St. \$1 beer \$2 drinks free hors d'oeuvres 5-7, Monday-Friday Monroe's 3218 Magazine Happy Hour Prices Complimentary Early Hot & Cold Buffet 4:30-7 p.m. Monday-Friday	Carrollton Station 50¢ draft \$1.25 longnecks \$1 highballs 3-8 p.m. Meridien Hotel appetizers 4:30-6:30 Uzza's by the track \$2.50 pitchers 5-9 p.m. 7 days a week Chesterfield's \$1.50 mixed \$1 beer 1-7 p.m. Metro's "Wheel of Fortune" A different special every hour! Le Jazz Meridien Hotel Meridien 614 Canal Happy Hour 4:30-6:30 Free hors d'oeuvres Jazz Piano Music 5-9 Rain Forest Hilton Hotel 2 Poydras 4-7 p.m. \$8 — all house brand drinks, wines, draft, hot & cold hors d'oeuvres you can consume Holiday Inn at Causeway \$1.60 house drinks \$1.35 house wine \$1.10 draft beer Free hors d'oeuvres 5-7, Monday-Friday
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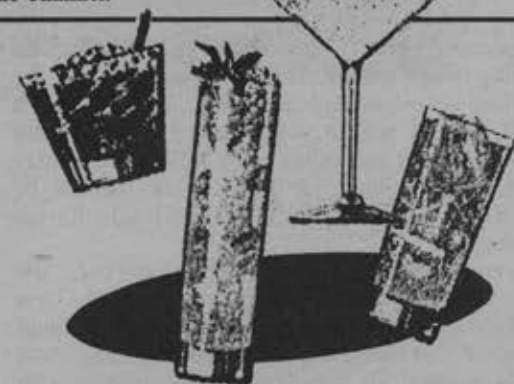
Parasol's on St. Patrick's Day: A toast to the Irish, and to the Channel.

grew late: guys who looked like crazed dust-bowl ranchers and Argentine political prisoners and some who weren't even guys at all.) In the rear patio where they served breakfast — the ostensible reason for going to Lucky's — could be found anybody and everybody at one time or another. There was a resident vice cop (he seemed to be stationed there) who always seemed to be either eating, or entertaining the hookers, or both. They in turn introduced him to everyone as "our local vice cop." Lucky's, which ceased operations in 1985 after a failed attempt at a change in management, was the last of a historic breed.

Destiny

While Storyville has widely been perceived as the catalyst that sparked the flowering of jazz in New Orleans, the musical entertainment aspects of the area were most intense along the streets that surrounded the red light district proper. This music district that expanded Storyville's influence beyond Basin Street and on toward Canal Street and the French Quarter was known as *The Tango Belt*. With its lower rent, Tango Belt places could accommodate larger and more experimental musical ensembles, and, according to musicologists such as the Oriental Fox Trot Museum's Justin Winston, it was for that reason that the early jazz bands came into their own there in the early 1900s.

The turn of the century was one of the grand periods in the ethos of local bars. It was a period when they were in the forefront of social, political and cultural evolution. In addition to Storyville, there were other Great Experiments and crusading innovations. For instance, that was when the Old Absinthe House dabbled in gun control advocacy — they requested that patrons check their weapons at the door. This however was considered too radical by many who instead, posted their business cards on



the wall. (Identity is important if there is a shooting. Later signed dollar bills were posted behind the bar during World War II so that sailors coming back to port would be able to drink even if they were without funds. It was also considered good luck to assume you would be coming back.)

Other turn of the century taverns were in the thick of political and cultural ferment. Caronna's on Magazine was associated with both of these, being both a catalyst for politics and for the development of white jazz at the time — the Original Dixieland Jazz Band being the most famous example.

Also around that time a politically ambitious Illinois Central railroad engineer named Lee Christmas was campaigning for elective office in the traditional manner — by spending his free time in the city's taverns. It was in one such place that an emergency message was forwarded to him from his employer late one evening — he was needed to drive a trainload of bananas pronto to Chicago. His drinking pals propped him up in the cab of his locomotive where he remained steady of hand long enough to get the

thing up to full throttle before passing out.

Somehow he survived the collision with another train, was banned from American railroads, became an engine driver of banana trains in Honduras (where they were constantly hijacked by revolutionaries), continued in politics there and eventually became commander of the Honduran army. He specialized in crashing armored trains through enemy lines, and changed the configuration of national boundaries in Central America. (Oliver North was a boy scout compared to Lee Christmas.) After years of this he returned to New Orleans but the railroad never would give him his job back. Still, he is a classic example of the global reach of local bars.

Closer to home, Huey Long sometimes used the Sazerac bar (at the Roosevelt — now Fairmont — Hotel) as his war room for his campaigns for Senate and later the White House in the Thirties. Later his younger brother, Earl, as governor in the Fifties used a certain Bourbon Street cabaret for a similar purpose. Its leading strip-tease dancer, Blaze Starr, became the state's unofficial first lady for a while when the governor was troubled by domestic discord and refused to go back to his wife at the governor's mansion. (He and Blaze sometimes greeted visiting chiefs of state like France's President Charles De Gaulle.)

Obviously then, in our local barrooms the destinies of individuals, states and nations all become entangled together. The Spanish were probably the first to officially recognize this phenomenon, and in 1770 a tax on taverns provided the city's first municipally-raised revenues. (For the first hundred years there was only one church, St. Louis Cathedral, but taverns were everywhere.)

Later, after having reverted to the French and being sold to America by Napoleon, some New Orleanians were active in a plot to smuggle the former emperor out of exile in Corsica. They prepared a home for Napoleon here, but sadly, like so many local civic endeavors, the intended beneficiary died before the plan could be enacted. Instead, his death mask was installed at the Cabildo and his would-be home lived on to immortalize his memory as — what else? — a tavern. Today the ancient-seeming Napoleon House remains a quintessential New Orleans bar. Similarly, another legacy of that period — Lafitte's Blacksmith House — remains as an alcoholic shrine to another hero of local history, Jean Lafitte, the pirate.

We could go on and on and still be guilty of glaring omissions, such are the varieties of local barrooms. We can lament the demise of seniors' bars such as Luthjen's, Munster's, or Myrt & Vics in Algiers, where crowds of septuagenarian survivors of the Gatsby era did genuine jazz dancing with hedonistic abandon. We could applaud political bars — Bud Rip's, Parasol's, the Half Moon; we could cheer sports bars — Johnny White's, the Parkway Tavern among others; question proprieties such as why the Deutches Haus used to feature spaghetti or why the Parkview Tavern used to use live chickens as its principal decor; and we could salute some emergent classics of the past decade such as the Columns Hotel bar (of *Pretty Baby* fame), or cosmic classics that transcend time like the Saturn on St. Claude. Somehow it is like counting grains of sand on the beach, a process made futile by the continuing ebb and flow.

It has been said that New Orleans is not a theater town, but one suspects that in reality the lives of ordinary people here have unusually theatrical qualities. Thus, if we paraphrase Shakespeare and conclude that all the city's a stage, then our local taverns constitute the sets of participatory theater of an unusually spontaneous sort, of prolific dramas as well as the most private and public intrigues. While not to be condoned, the absence of professional theater has seemingly left us no shortage of dramatic or colorful characters. And while the cast has never been noted for sobriety, few can deny that some stellar performances have occurred over the last 2½ centuries. A toast then: To the continuing tradition — Salud!

THE DEW DROP INN



**'Meet those fine gals
your buddies and your pals.
Down in New Orleans on
a street they call LaSalle,
Down at the Dew Drop Inn...**

—'Dew Drop Inn'

**R. Penniman-Esquerita-K. Winslow
Peyton Music BMI**

by Almost Slim

From 1945 to 1970, the Dew Drop was synonymous with top flight Black entertainment, drawing singers, musicians, dancers and comedian like a magnet. "The Dew Drop was just it," contends Joseph August, better known as the renowned blues singer, "Mr. Google Eyes," who often worked the club as a singer and an emcee. "It was the foundation for musicians in New Orleans. Whether you were from out-of-town, or from the city, your goal was the Dew Drop. If you couldn't get a gig at the Dew Drop, you weren't about nothing."

Even though the club would embrace the lives and careers of thousands of people, the Dew Drop is really the story of one man, Frank G. Painia. Born in the Iberville Parish town of Plaquemine, on June 4, 1911, Painia moved to New Orleans with his wife, Freddie, and two young children in 1934. A barber by trade, with a seventh grade education, he left Plaquemine to escape the poverty of depression-weary rural Louisiana. Upon arrival, the family moved in with Painia's sister, and he became a partner in a barber shop on LaSalle Street. When the shop was razed a couple of years later to make way for the Magnolia Projects, Painia opened his own shop across the street, on the corner of LaSalle and Sixth.

Always one to spot and take advantage of an opportunity, soon after Painia bought out an oriental businessman who owned a bar and grocery store just two doors away at 2836 LaSalle Street. He renovated the building to accommodate his barber shop and a restaurant, which was added to the barroom. To help him operate the business, brothers Paul, an excellent cook, and Easton, a bartender, also moved here from Plaquemine. Dubbed the Dew Drop Inn, the establishment opened in April of 1939.

Although business was tough from the beginning, according to Painia's daughter, Laura Jackson, who eventually served as the club's cashier and book-keeper. "Daddy just had a mind for business. He

was a real go-getter. He was always expanding and moving things around. He had a chance to buy the building next door and saw a way to turn it into a profit. The war was on, so there were a lot of people in transit. A hotel was going to do well because there wasn't a quality place for Blacks to stay then. So he built a hotel next door. The Dew Drop is actually two buildings."

Even though Painia's daughter pointed out, "the place was really jumping during the war," the Dew Drop hadn't yet begun to feature entertainment. However, another business venture for the elder Painia surfaced. He began booking touring bands for concerts into the Booker T. Washington Auditorium and the Coliseum Arena. Because New Orleans hardly had a suitable nightclub that was capable of handling the nation's top Black entertainers, such as Louis Jordan and Jimmy Lunceford, more often than not, Painia's shows were quite profitable.

Since the entertainers he hired already ate and slept at his establishment, and he could avoid paying rent and taxes at other halls by utilizing his own space, presenting shows at the Dew Drop was a logical progression. Painia began experimenting with local entertainment in the lounge, featuring artists such as singer Blanche Thomas and guitarist Erving Charles. Painia found a great demand for live music. So, as the war in the South Pacific was grinding to an explosive halt, workmen in New Orleans were putting the finishing touches on the latest addition to the Dew Drop, the club destined to be New Orleans' best known night spot.

"Ssh, Ssh," whispered a headline in the August 13, 1945, *Louisiana Weekly*. "Don't tell anyone, but the Dew Drop Inn is really coming up with that Northern stuff in the next week or three. Mr. Frank Painia, one of the city's better negro business men, will see to it that there will be a decent dancehall for his people."

Nicknamed the "Groove Room," by October of 1945, the *Louisiana Weekly* was already referring to



At the Dew Drop:
Naomi Swan behind the bar, late 1940; founder
Frank Painia; Chuck Carbo, Big Joe Turner, Painia
and 'Romeo,' late Fifties.

the spot as "New Orleans' swankiest nightclub." Featuring two shows nightly on weekends, and an amateur contest on Friday evenings, the Dew Drop featured the kind of entertainment that backed up its reputation.

A typical show which was advertised in the December 21, 1945 edition of the *Louisiana Weekly* featured: Joe Turner — "king of the blues who will be back with a new sack of new songs for Christmas, along with a brand new show," Bobby Grant —



Inside the Dew Drop early 1950. 'Miss Cornshucks' is in the center with the hat.

"just back from St. Louis, nationally known female impersonator." "Iron Jaw" Harris — "dancing with three tables in his mouth." Virginia Plummer — "exotic dancer." Decoy — "now you see him now you don't back with a brand new bag of tricks." One could view all of the above for a mere 75 cents, and if a reservation was required, it could be had by dialing JA-9605.

"You always got a full floor show back in those days," emphasizes Naomi "Toots" Swan, Painia's niece, who worked behind the bar at the Dew Drop for the better part of 25 years. "Frank always had an emcee or comedian that would host the show and loosen up the audience. Then you always had your shake dancers and female impersonators, that came on before the star attraction. The Dew Drop always had a house band back in the Forties, it was either Dave Bartholomew or Edgar Blanchard and the Goldoliers, and they'd do a couple of numbers on the show too.

"I guess you'd say that by today's standards the club wasn't much, it only held maybe 200 to 300 people. It just had plain wooden table and chairs, but they were covered with clean, white, table cloths, and everyone that worked there had a fresh uniform on.

"The Dew Drop always had a reputation for being a good clean club where you came to have a good time. Frank didn't stand for narcotics, prostitution or fighting. He liked to have a good time like anybody else, but he was a family man. Eventually he brought his whole family from Plaquemine and he gave them all jobs at the Dew Drop. I was just a little thing working in the bar, but I felt protected because I had nothing but family around me. If someone ever tried to get smart with me, Frank would cut them off and

say, 'Do you know you're talking to my niece!'"

Virtually every Black entertainer of note passed through the doors of the Dew Drop. The Sweethearts of Rhythm, Amos Milburn, Lollypop Jones, Ivory



Female impersonator Patsy Valderer (here dressed as a man) was a big attraction at the Dew Drop.

Joe Hunter, Clarence "Gatemouth" Brown, Chubby Newsome, The Ravens and Cecil Gant, to name but a few.

But the Dew Drop also served as a training ground for many New Orleans musicians. "The first time I ever got on stage was on an amateur show at the Dew Drop in 1946," recalls singer/bandleader Tommy Ridgley. "I'll never forget, Edgar Blanchard's Goldoliers were playing and I sang *Piney Brown Blues* and won first prize. That really encouraged me

to stick with music. In later years I saw younger musicians like Earl King, Huey Smith and even Allen Toussaint get their start the same way."

Painia also had a keen eye for talent, and many artists credit him with the early success. According to Naomi Swan, Painia was instrumental in getting Larry Darnell's career off the ground, among others.

"Frank picked Larry out of a revue called the Brownskin Models around 1949. He gave him a job singing in the front bar. Larry had a boyish look and when he sang he just drove the women wild. He did so well that people were leaving the nightclub to see him in the front bar. Frank had a lot of connections in the business and arranged for Larry to make his first record, *I'll Get Along Somehow*. That made him a star."

More Than Just A Nightclub

Painia saw yet another way to take advantage of the abundance of local talent, and in April 1949 opened the Dew Drop Inn Booking Agency. "Sometimes we'd have as many as four bands out on the road on one night," says son Gerald Painia, who helped run the booking end of the business. "Whoever came up with a big record in town, dad would book. He had a circuit that stretched from Texas to Alabama, that included everything from colleges to roadhouses. We booked Earl King, Guitar Slim, Shirley & Lee, Smiley Lewis, Chris Kenner — really a lot of people. We had some great musicians in the bands too, Lee Allen, Huey Smith, Roland Cook, even Allen Toussaint for a while."

Normally a man of few words, Toussaint's traditional reserve erodes when discussing Frank Painia and the Dew Drop. "Oh, I wish you could have seen it in its heyday. If you were a musician, at some point of the day you were going to go to the Dew Drop. Unless you were doing something really important, you were probably getting ready to go to the Dew Drop.

"It was a musician's haven. When bands got ready to go to Houma or Vachery, they met at the Dew Drop. When they came back around 2 a.m., they'd go inside the club and jam. There were musicians around the Dew Drop 24 hours a day. There was a permanent place outside the Dew Drop where guys hang out, and inside the club and restaurant too.

"Frank was the kind of guy people looked to for answers. He was the kind of guy that walked around with his chest poked out, but it wasn't a put on. He had strong features and he walked slow with a lot of grace. When he showed up everybody got shook up. He gave the orders and everybody listened. Whoever dropped the glass cleaned it up real quick, and the guy with the mop started mopping real good."

A highly respected man in the Black community (in fact he was dubbed "the mayor of LaSalle Street"), Frank Painia was also a pioneer in the civil rights movement. In a highly publicized incident, Painia, along with screen star Zachary Scott and his party, was arrested in November of 1952 and charged with disturbing the peace and "mixing." Scott, a white actor from the north, who was on location for a film, had visited the club to see "Papa" Lightfoot, when the NOPD received a complaint that "Negroes and whites were being served together."

"I remember that night like it was yesterday," says Laura Jackson. "Father decided to make a stand and went to jail with everyone else. Whites had always come into the Dew Drop, in fact a lot of policemen frequented the place. The ongoing joke around the place was, if you needed a cop for something, you had to call the Dew Drop. They just wanted to make an example of someone. They threw the charges out the next day, but my father wasn't afraid to go to jail, in fact he went a number of times. But he had a purpose, he continually lobbied in city council to eliminate the segregation laws. In fact he was the first Black to ever book the municipal auditorium."

The Fifties were a great decade for the Dew Drop. While the public's taste in music was to change over

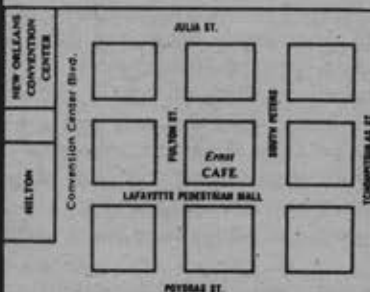


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Schedule**

MARCH CONCERTS

Saturday, 1

DB'S and the Hoodoo Gurus, pop rock bands perform at Jimmy's Music Club, 8200 Willow St., uptown.

Sunday, 2

688 Mardi Gras Party, with the Fleshtones, Dash Rip Rock, and Arms Akimbo. Jimmy's. All Ages Hardcore Mardi Gras Bash: Angry Red Planet, Rhythm Pigs, the Screws, and Dehumanizers perform at the Knights of Columbus, 3315 Jefferson Highway.



Friday, 6

Human League. Techno-pop band performs their hits at the Sanger.

Sunday 8

All Ages Concert Featuring Firehose. The former Minutemen perform with DC3, Divine Horsemen, and Crimony, at the VFW Hall, 3113 Franklin. No alcohol served; all ages welcome.

Thursday 12

New Music Festival, CAC, 900 Camp St.

Wednesday 18

All Ages Concert: Swampcore presents an all ages show with Toxic Reasons, KGB (from Germany!!), and Colorado's Happy World. Call 949-0151 for directions to the VFW Hall on Franklin Ave.

Thursday 19

Huey Lewis and the News, popular rock band, performs at the Sanger with blues group The Robert Cray Band.

Sunday 22

Wayne Newton performs at UNO Lakefront Arena.



Firehose, with Ed Fromohio and ex-Minutemen George Hurley and Mike Watt, will be at the VFW Hall Sunday 8.

Thursday 26

Women Writers speak at Newcomb. Call 865-5238.

Sunday 29

Maple Leaf Poetry Reading: April Fool's Celebration. All fools welcome!

FRIDAY NIGHTS

"All American Jazz" begins this month on Channel 32.

LIVE MUSIC

FRENCH QUARTER

Bayard's Jazz Alley, 701 Bourbon, 524-9200. Jazz Unlimited every night, from 8.

Blue Room, in the Fairmont Hotel, 529-7111. Wed. 4 - Sun. 8: Dirty Dozen Brass Band. Tues. 10 - Sun. 22: The Mamas and the Papas. Tues 24 - April 5: The Manhattan.

Bananas, 1001 N. Rampart, 525-4678. Fri., Feb. 29: Li'l Queenie and the R & B Death Squad. Sat 1: Johnny J. and the Hit Men. Box. Sun 2: Oliver Morgan. Mardi Gras: Bands all day, including Johnny J. and the Hit Men. Please call for the rest of the month!

Brew House, Jackson Brewery, Decatur St., 525-9843. Alternating Saturdays and Sundays from 3 to 8:30. Andy and the Pacemakers and Deja Vu.

Cafe Panache, 200 Magazine, 522-2233. Fridays: Willie Tee and Jim Singleton. Saturdays: Rueben Gonzales and his Salsa Band.

Cajun Crawfish House, 501 Bourbon, 529-4256. Tues. through Thurs.: Laissez-faire Cajun Band, 9 p.m.

Chiefs Cajun Cafe, 123 Decatur. Live music while you eat, all month.

Clarion Hotel, 1500 Canal, 522-4500. Tues. - Thur. 6 p.m.: Janice Medlock on the Terrace Court, also 7 to 11 on weekends.

Cosimo's, 1201 Burgundy, 861-8110. Wednesdays at 9: Ray Bonneville.

Creole Queen, Poydras Street Wharf, 524-0814. Cruises nightly, 8 to 10 pm, with Andrew Hall's Society Jazz Band.

Crystal Disco, 801 N. Claiborne, Thurs.: Bobby Marchan and the Big Throwdown Contest. Sun.: Bobby Marchan and Higher Ground. Also, a Gong Show, 11 p.m. till. "All Town Invited."

Dream Palace, 534 Frenchmen, 943-6860. Sun. 1 and Mon. 2: Urbations from Detroit. Tues 3: 11 a.m. Krewe of Kosmic Debris w/ the Pair-a-dice Tumblers; 3 p.m. Continental Drifters; 8 p.m. The Blues Krewe. Fri. 20 and Sat. 21: The Radiators.

Ernst Cafe, 600 S. Peters, 525-8544. Mardi Gras Schedule: Thu. 26: Heavy Duty. New Orleans' first nightclub disc jockey spinning N.O. classics, Mardi Gras music & R&B. Complimentary buffet. Fri. 27: Live entertainment featuring Ivy 10-2. Sat. 28: Nationally renowned Dixie Kups, performing no. 1 hit "Going to the

Chapel" backed up by Brothers, 10-2. Sun. 1: 3rd Annual Bacchus Bash, 1 p.m. Live entertainment by Brothers. Debut of the Dragon Wagon, 1,000 lbs. of crawfish in a single pot, no cover, no minimum. Mon. 2: Mardi Gras Eve Warm-up Party. Heavy Duty w/ complimentary buffet. Mardi Gras Day - Home Base - 10 a.m. 'til.

Fairmont Court, in the Fairmont Hotel, 529-7111. Every night save Sundays, Sam Adams at 9 pm.

Famous Door, 339 Bourbon, 522-7626. Wednesdays the Famous Door Five occupies the premises until 4 am.

Feelings, 2600 Chartres, 945-2222. Mondays, Wednesdays, Thursdays, Saturdays, 7:30-10:30 pm; Kenny Butler. Tuesdays and Fridays, 7:30-10:30 pm; Kenny Ard.

544 Club, 544 Bourbon, 523-8611. Gary Brown and Feelings, Wednesday, Thursday and Sunday from 9 until 3, and Fridays and Saturdays from 10 until 4. Southern Cooking, Mondays and Tuesdays from 9 to 3, and Fridays, Saturdays and Sundays from 3:15 to 9:15.

Fortin House, 624 Bourbon. Brazilian music nightly from 7 to 11 pm.

Pete Fountain's, in the Hilton, 523-4374. Pete Fountain and his band nightly at 10; one show only, reservations.

Le Gauloise, in the Hotel Meridien, 614 Canal, 525-6000. The Creole Rice Jazz Trio, 11 am to 3 pm on Sundays.

Gazebo, 1018 Decatur, 522-0862. Thurs. through Sun.: Chris Burke and New Orleans Jazz, 12 to 5.

Georgie Porgie, in the Hyatt Regency, Plaza Level, 566-0000. Through Tues. 3: King Floyd. Fri. 6 through Sat. 7: Frankie Ford. For schedule, please call.

Hilton Hotel, Poydras at the river. In Le Cafe Bromeliad: the Hilton Opera Singers, Saturdays from 7 to 9 pm; Placide Adams Jazz Band, Sundays from 9:30 in the morning until 2:30 in the afternoon. In Kabby's: Eddie Bayard and His N.O. Classic Jazz Orchestra, Friday and Saturday nights from 8 pm to midnight or Sunday from 10:30 am to 2:30 pm. In the English Bar: the Alan White Duo Tuesdays through Saturdays, 4 to 7 pm and 9 to 11 pm. Also, in the French Garden, weekdays 10 to 1, and weekends 10 to 2: Snady Cash and the Big Easy.



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Hotel Intercontinental, 525-5566. In the lobby Lounge, Joe Simpson, 5-8 pm and Theresa Kelly from 8-11 pm. In Pete's Pub, Wednesdays-Fridays: 5-7 pm, Bob Moinelli.

Hyatt Hotel, 561-1234. Sundays, 10 am to 2 pm, Chuck Credo and the Basin Street Six in the courtyard Restaurant. Fridays, 4-8 pm in the Mint Julep Lounge, Nora Wixted.

Landmark Hotel, 541 Bourbon, 524-7611. Mon. and Thurs. 4-9 pm, Greg Villafrance. Fri. through Sun. noon-4 pm Greg Villafrance. Tues. Wed., Fri.-Sun. 4-9 pm and Thurs. 9 pm-2 am, Terry Lee. Fri.-Wed., 9 pm-2 am, Mike Bunis.

Leo's, corner Felicity at La Salle. Fridays: Marve Wright and Reminiscence, 9 to 1.

Maison Bourbon, 641 Bourbon, 522-8818. Thurs. through Tues.: Lloyd Lambert. Wed.: Chuck Credo.

Maison Dupuy Hotel, 1001 Toulouse. Thurs. through Sat.: piano by Tim Davis.

Mahogany Hall, 309 Bourbon, 525-5595. Sundays: Banu Gibson. Mondays through Saturdays: Dukes of Dixieland, Mondays: Football Night.

Mediterranean Cafe, 1000 Decatur St., 523-2302. Sat. and Suns. 1 until 6 p.m.: Scotty Hill's French Market Jazz Band, with piano music before and after.

The Mint, 500 Esplanade at Decatur. Harry Mayronne on the piano noon till 3 pm.

Old Absinthe House, 400 Bourbon. Nightly save Tuesday, from 9:30, Bryan Lee and the Jump Street Five. Tuesdays: the J Monque'D Blues Band.

Old Opera House, 601 Bourbon, 522-3265. Mondays-Wednesdays: Mexx Company, from 8 pm. Thursdays, from 9:15: BT Connection. Fridays and Saturdays from 5 to 8:45: Louisiana Hot Sauce. Sundays from 2:15 to 6:30: Louisiana Hot Sauce. Sundays from 7:15: BT Connection.

Preservation Hall, 726 St. Peter, 523-8939. Sun: Harold Dejan and the Olympia Brass Band. Mon. and Thurs.: Kid Thomas Valentine. Tues. and Fri.: Kid Sheik Colar. Wed. and Sat.: The Humphrey Brothers.

Royal Sonesta Hotel, 300 Bourbon, 586-0300. In the Mystick Den, Tuesday-Saturday, Bobby Lonero, from 10 pm.

Ryan's 500 Club, 441 Bourbon, 566-1507. From 9 nightly, the Celtic Folk Singers.

Cafe Sblsa, 1011 Decatur. Pianists from 8:30 to 11:30. Mondays and Wednesdays: Amasa Miller. Tuesday and Sundays: Cynthia Chen. Thursday-Saturday: Fred McDowell. Harry Mayronne, plays Sunday noon until 3 pm.

Seaport Cafe and Bar, 568-0981. Tues. through Sat.: Sally Townes, 9 to 1.

Scruples Cafe, 723 Burgundy, 523-7386. Through Sun. 15, Sat. 11 to 3: Rafael Cruz. Call for the complete schedule.

711 Club, 711 Bourbon, 525-8379. Tues.-Sat., from 9:30, Randy Hebert, in the Showbar. Wed.-Sat., 9 pm-2 am, Al Broussard in the Main Bar.

Snug Harbor, 626 Frenchmen, 949-0696. Every Mon., 10 pm to 2 am: Blue Monday with Charmaine Neville and Amasa Miller. Every Tues., 10 pm till 4 am: Late Night Jazz Jam with Bill Huntington, Charlie Occhipinti, and Matt Lemmler.

Storyville, 1104 Decatur, 525-8199. Check their ad for information.

Tropical Isle, 738 Toulouse, 523-9492. Thurs., Fri., Sats.: Al Miller. The club also features unscheduled jam sessions.

Windsor Court Grill Room, 300 Gravier, 523-6000. Fridays-Saturdays from 9:30, the Joel Simpson, Jazz Duo.

Winnie's, 2034 A.P. Tureaud, 945-9124. Sundays from 6 until 10 pm, Ernie K-Doe.

LAKEFRONT

The Bounty, 1926 W. End Park, 282-9333. Sun., Wed., Thurs.: The Topcats.

Nexus, 6200 Elysian Fields, 288-3440. Fri.: Julia Garcia and George French, 6 to 10. David Torkanowsky and his trio with Philip Manuel on vocals, 10 to 2. Sat.: the Julian Garcia Quartet, 10:30 to 2.

MID-CITY

True Brew Coffee, 3133 Ponce de Leon, 947-3948. Call for schedule.

N.O. EAST

Beau Geste, 7011 Read Blvd., 242-9710. Fri. and Sat.: Moondance featuring Al Norman.

Chez Frank, 4630 Downman Road, 241-9761. Live music Fridays and Saturdays from 10:30 till. **The Club**, 1701 St. Bernard, 947-9334. Sundays from 9 until 1. Black Market featuring Alvin Banks. **Cubby's**, 8700 Lake Forest Blvd., 241-6769. Tues., Fri., Sat., Rockin Jerry & The Spice of Life, 10 pm. Wed., Stan the Oldies Man. Sun., Mon., Bobby Cure & The Summertime Blues.

UPTOWN

Benny's Bar, 738 Valence, 895-9405. Most Wednesdays and Sundays: JD and the Jammers. Most Sat.: Charmaine Neville. Music almost every night; call for details.

Bert & Quentrell's Happy Lounge, 8520 Spruce, 866-0024. Weekend disco.

Cafe Banquette, 3445 Prytania, 891-2227. Sat. 14: Perfect Strangers. Sat. 21: Force of Habit. Sat. 28: On the Verge.

Carrollton Station, 8140 Willow, 865-9190. Call for listings.

Glass House, 2519 S. Saratoga, 895-9279. Thursdays: Re-birth.

Jimmy's, 8200 Willow, 866-9549. Sat. 28: Doug Baron's Harold Please & Surgeon General. Sun. 1: Hoo Doo Gurus, the DBs & the Continental Drifters. Mon. 2: Fleshtones & Dash Rip Rock.

Fri. 6: Divided Council. Sat. 7: Voices of Winter. Thu. 12: White Animals & the Rogues. Fri. 13: Waka Waka. Sat. 14: Bad Finger from England, w/ the Bones Explosion. Thu. 19: WTUL Rock On Marathon. Fri. 20: TBA. Sat. 21: Rock On Marathon continues. Thu. 26: Murmurr. Fri. 27: Radiators. Sat. 28: True Faith.

Keswamy's, Uptown Square, 200 Broadway, Fridays and Saturdays from 7:30, Sundays 12:30 to 3:30 p.m. composer/pianist Tim Davis.

Maple Leaf, 8316 Oak, 866-9359. Sat. 1: Exuma. Sun. 2: Java. All Wednesdays: J. Monque'd Blues Band. Fri. 13: Li'l Queenie. Fri. 20: Song Dogs. Sat. 28: Beausoleil. See their ad for further dates.

Penny Post Coffee House, Daneel St. Folk music every night.

Pontchartrain Hotel, 2031 St. Charles Ave., 524-0581. Piano bar in the Bayou Lounge nightly from 5: Tom McDermott, Mondays-Fridays until 8, and Mondays-Wednesdays 9 to midnight. Carl Franklin, Thursdays-Saturdays, 8 to midnight.

Tipitina's, 501 Napoleon, 897-3943. See the calendar in this issue.

WEST BANK

Bronco's, 1409 Romain, Gretna, 368-1000. Mondays, Wednesdays, Fridays, Saturdays: Mississippi South.

1801 Club, 1801 Stumpf Blvd., 367-9670. Mahogany, Thursdays from 9:30 and Saturdays from 10. Wednesdays from 9:30, Up 'n' Up.

Fat Cats, 505 Gretna Blvd., 362-0598. Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays through Saturdays: the Groove Band with Jimmy Simon.

Froggies, 403 West Bank Expressway, 367-0227. The Dino Kruse Band every Thursday.

Jo Jo's Lounge, 4332 4th St., Marrero, 340-9129. Fridays and Saturdays at 10, Sundays at 6: The Red Thorn Rock 'n' Roll Band.

Michael's Restaurant, 601 Patterson, 361-4969. Mondays: Joseph DeNone, keyboard, 8-10 pm. Tuesdays: Charmaine Neville & Real Feelings, 8-11 pm. Wednesdays and Thursdays: File Cajun Band, 8-midnight. Fridays and Saturdays: Chris Burke, 8-midnight.

Rincon de la Vieja Guardia, 2105 Hancock St., Gretna, 367-6733. Latin big bands.

Marina Wharf, 5353 Paris Road, Chalmette, 277-8215. Thursdays-Saturdays from 9: Frank Dallas.

CINEMA

Loyola Film Buff's Institute, 895-3196. Thur. 5: *Fahrenheit 451*. Mon. 9: *Umberto D.* Tues. 10: *The Eavesdropper*. Wed. 11: *Rumble Fish*. Thur. 12: *John Reed: Insurgent Mexico*. Mon. 16: *Ingmar Bergman's Wild Strawberries*. Tues. 17: *Latin!* Wed. 18: *Lightning Over Water*, 1980. Thur. 19: *The Castle of Purity*. Mon. 23: *Vertigo*. Tues. 24: *Death in Venice*. Wed. 25: *The Thin Drum*. Thur. 26: *El: The Strange Passion*. Mon. 30: *Truffaut's Jules and Jim*. Tues. 31: *The Last Plane*.

Out. Wed., April 1: The Last Picture Show. Most shows at 7 and 9 p.m.



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Feb 27: Continental Drifters

Feb 28: Li'l Queenie & the R&B Death Squad

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Tulane McAlister Auditorium, Sun. 1, 7:30 p.m.: *A Room with a View*, Fri. 6, 8 p.m.: *Sweet Liberty*. Sat. 7, 8 p.m.: *Ferris Bueller's Day Off*. Sun. 8: *Gone with the Wind*. Wed. 11: *Dr. Zhivago*. Fri. 13, 8 p.m.: *9 1/2 Weeks*, and midnight: *Stripes*. Sat. 14, 8 p.m.: *Jumping Jack Flash*. Wed. 18: *Herbie the Love Bug*. Fri. 20: *Jungle Book*, *Pinocchio*. Sat. 21, 8 p.m.: *Song of the South*, and 10 p.m.: *Lady and the Tramp*. Sun. 22: *Cinderella*, *Winnie the Pooh*. Wed. 25: *All the President's Men*. Fri. 27, 8 p.m.: *Stand By Me*, and midnight: *The Kids are Allright*. Sat. 28, 8 p.m.: *Children of a Lesser God*. Sun. 29, 7:30 p.m.: *Breakfast at Tiffany's*.

ART

A Gallery for Fine Photography, 5423 Magazine, 891-1002. Tues. 10: Photography: Magic, Mystery, and Manipulation.

Academy Gallery, 5256 Magazine, 899-8111. Through Wed. 18: Faculty art show. Sat. 21 - April 8: Kathy Gergo's watercolors, Kinzet Branham's sculptures.

A. L. Lowe Gallery, 1126 S. Carrollton Ave. Sat. 21 and Sun. 22: antique prints.

Arthur Roger Gallery, 3005 Magazine, 895-5287. Through Wed. 18: Michael Tracy's Installations. Sat. 21 - April 8: Edward Whiteman.

Avenue Art Center, 621 Royal, 525-2787. All month: photography and Mardi Gras posters.

Bergen Gallery, 703 Royal. Through Sun. 8: A decade of Mardi Gras posters, 1977 - 1987.

Bill Cousin's Gallery, 319 Royal. Through March: Patti Bannister paintings, nineteenth century bronzes.

Cafe Brasil, 2100 Charters. Through Sat. 7: Amsy Adams.

C.A.C., 900 Camp, 523-1216.

Carol Robinson Gallery, 4537 Magazine, 895-6130. All month: oil paintings by Columbian artist Eduardo Mejia.

Delgado Community College, 615 City Park Ave. Thur. 12 - Thur. 16: students' interior design.

Downtown Gallery, 420 Julia St. All month: hologram show.

Duplantier Gallery, 818 Baronne, 524-1071. Through April 3: Tom Ladousa's chicken beaks, and ceramics.

Fine Arts Gallery, 313 Royal St. Through March 13: exclusive showing of French neo-impressionists.

Gallery Simone Stern, 518 Julia, 529-1118. Through March: paintings and constructions by Hasmiq Vartanian.

Gasperi Gallery, 831 St. Peter, 524-9373. Through March: Tattoo: X-rated art.

Historic N.O. Collection, 533 Royal St., 523-4662. Through April: N.O. NOW: photographs of Michael Smith.

Julia Gallery, 535 Julia St. Through March 10: Robert Mapplethorpe.

Le Mieux Galleries, 508 Pelican Ave., Algiers Point, 361-1735. Through Tues. 10: Electric landscapes by Kate Trepagnier Myers.

Lucullus, 610 Charters. All month: food-related art.

Mario Villa Gallery, 3908 Magazine, 895-8731. Through Wed. 18: Dan Piersol's paintings, New York artist Andy Nasisse.

Nahan Gallery, 540 Royal St. Through Thur. 12: the first American exhibition by French oil painter Bernard Berthois-Rigal.

New Orleans Academy of Fine Arts, 5256 Magazine, 899-8111. Through Wed. 18: 1987 Faculty Exhibition.

New Orleans Museum of Art, City Park, 488-2631. Through April 1: photogravures prints by many artists. All month: Newcomb College: a centennial exhibition.

Posselt-Baker Gallery, 822 St. Peter, 524-7252. Fri. 6: opening celebration from 6 - 9 p.m. Artisanat Malaika Favorite exhibits recent paintings and sculpture.

Tilden-Foley, 4119 Magazine, 897-5300. Through Sun. 15: Molly Mason, stainless steel and copper sculptures.

Tulane University, Newcomb Art Gallery. Sat. 14 through April: faculty art featuring a multi-media view of the art school's history. Through May: pottery exhibition, with opening reception Sun. 15 from 5 to 7 p.m.

Casey Willems Pottery, 3919 Magazine St., 899-1174. Pottery by Mr. Willems.

COMEDY

The Mint, Decatur at Esplanade, 525-2000. Tues. through Sat.: Ricky Graham.

Marie Laveau's Restaurant, 329 Decatur St., 525-9655. Fridays: "Hot Stuff, N.O. Style", starring Becky Allen, Fred Palmisano and Wanda Rouzan.

Punchline Comedy Club, 4704 Veterans Blvd., 454-7973. Tues. 3 through Sun. 8: Suzie Louks, headliner; Eric Davis, and Dickey Palmer. Tues. 10 through Sun. 15: Nick Lewin, Mark Di Clara, Mitch Moore. Tues. 17 through Sun. 22: James Lee Reeves, Bob Wise, and Scott Carter. Tues. 24 through Sun. 29: Glen Hirsch, Steve Smith, Gary Stephens. Tues. 31 through April 5: Jon Haymon, Trip Wingfield, Charles Zucker. Closed on Mondays.



THEATRE

Bayou Dinner Theatre, 4040 Tulane Ave., 486-7144. Through Sun. 22: Neil Simon's Prisoner of Second Avenue. Thurs. 26 through May 3: Oliver Goldsmith's She Stoops to Conquer.

CAC, 900 Camp, 523-1216. Through April 5: The Road Company, a touring theater group performs Blind Desire.

Le Petit Theatre, 616 St. Peter. Fri. 20 through Sun. 29: Cat on a Hot Tin Roof.

New Orleans City Ballet, 921 Canal St., 522-0996. Thur. 19: A performance of Footage, with educational commentary.

Rose Dinner Theatre, 201 Robert St., Gretna, 367-5400. All month: Fiddler on the Roof.

Theatre Marigny, 616 Frenchman, 944-2653. Christopher Blake's Sineater

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- Fri 6 Divided Council
- Sat 7 Voices of Winter
- Thu 12 White Animals & the Rogues
- Fri 13 Waka Waka
- Sat 14 Bad Finger from England w/The Bones Explosion
- Thu 19 WTUL Rock On Marathon
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Wavelength: The Doctor is In

The beginning of *Wavelength* on WYLD AM-94 was truly historic. On his first show Dr. Daddy-O announced, "This is the man who started rhythm & blues. And he did it right here in New Orleans," as he played Roy Brown's "Good Rockin' Tonight." Daddy-O, who has been in gospel radio for over 30 years, has kept some aspects of his gospel show which may not appeal to some, though if you think Little Richard rocks, you oughta hear New Orleans gospel great Bessie Griffin sing "Move on Up a Little Higher." It seems she's goin' to a better place, where "It's always HAUW-DY, HAUW-DY, HAUW-DY, and never goodbye." "Have mercy" as the Doctor would say.

Among the records he spun for Mardi Gras season were both the Wild Magnolias and Wild Tchoupitoulas albums, lots of vintage Pro-

fessor Longhair, and lots of Dave Bartholomew. Bartholomew, in fact, was a guest on *Wavelength*. Among the history the two old friends discussed was their collaboration on "Good Jax Boogie" around 1949. Daddy-O's radio show, concerts, and column in the *Louisiana Weekly* were sponsored by Jax Beer, under whose auspices Bartholomew recorded the jumpin' number mentioning "a cat named Daddy-O." Other guests were Alice Byrd (Professor Longhair's wife) and Bo Dollis of the Wild Magnolias.

Wavelength's new time is strictly drive time: four to six p.m., though the number of traffic tie-ups caused by people getting out of their cars, turning the radio to max, and freeway jamming to "Hadacol Bounce" has not been confirmed.

— Rick Coleman

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THE DEW DROP INN

continued from page 23

the years, Painia adapted, continuing to offer the best entertainment in New Orleans. At one time or another people like Ray Charles, Christine Kittrell, James Brown, Milt Jackson and Little Richard were familiar faces around LaSalle Street. Little Richard in fact would immortalize the club when he waxed the appropriately titled *Dew Drop Inn*, years later.

The early Sixties continued to be heady years for the Dew Drop as Painia continued to vary his floor shows to meet his audience's tastes. When Soul became the latest trend, the Dew Drop hosted the likes of Sam Cooke, the Ike & Tina Turner Revue, Joe Tex and Otis Redding, to name but a few.

Singer Solomon Burke has nothing but fond memories about the man he befriended in 1961. "A musician had no better friend than Frank Painia," recalls Burke solemnly. "Everyone that was out there at that time knew that if they got in a jam, if they could get to New Orleans, Frank Painia would help them out. He would feed, and put a roof over your head, until you got on your feet. He even had a room in the back that was full of clothes that other people had left at the hotel. If he couldn't use you at the Dew Drop, he'd get on the phone and try and get you some work somewhere."

The Declining Years

The glory years for the Dew Drop slowly crept to a standstill sometime around the mid-Sixties. Laura Jackson blames the club's demise on a number of

factors. "Ironically, I think integration really hurt the Dew Drop," she points out. "Blacks could go to Bourbon Street then or any of the other places they wanted to go, but couldn't before integration. That was new to them and meant a lot of our customers left."

"Also my father got sick in 1965, and he was continually in and out of the hospital. He had always been at the Dew Drop, six or seven days a week. The only time he took a day off was to take the family fishing. When he couldn't be there everyday, things started to slip. Being sick he couldn't concentrate on the business."

Naomi Swan also added, "I think Frank began to feel he could present any show and people would just show up like they did before. He was the type of man who always wanted things done his way. He didn't take to advice too well even if it was good."

By the late Sixties, the Groove Room was closed, and the more profitable hotel portion of the business was expanded in its place. Live music continued in the front bar, or the Dew Drop Cafe as it was called, but the impressive floor shows were no more. The bold weekly ads that once graced the *Louisiana Weekly* had shrunk to a mere column in width, and appeared irregularly. Still they recalled the better days when they boasted "Blazing Action — Boss Entertainment." Mostly local acts were featured including Diamond Joe, Lil' Booker, Johnny Adams and as always Patsy. Even as late as the summer of 1967, "the boss of the blues," Joe Turner, was still a Dew Drop attraction.

"Even though he was still doing well with the bar and the hotel, I knew it had to hurt him when the nightclub was closed," continues Swan. "That was his baby. He liked nothing better than getting a bottle out when an entertainer came to town and have a few drinks. That was his life. By the time I stopped working there in 1969, they stopped having live entertainment altogether. Frank was really sick and there was nobody to take his place."

Frank Painia eventually succumbed to cancer in July of 1972. He was eulogized on the front page of the *Louisiana Weekly* and rightfully cited as "always at the front of any movement to make Black people push forward." After his death the barbershop, restaurant and bar were leased out to new occupants, while Painia's wife Freddie struggled to make a go of the hotel. By the mid-Seventies the building had fallen into disrepair and on more than one occasion listed as for sale.

Today the Dew Drop still sits quietly on LaSalle Street, its brick facade covered with aluminum siding, looking forlorn and in need of a facelift. But the building is still in the family. Painia's grandson Kenneth Jackson, who once ran a snowball stand for his grandfather, runs the hotel and cuts hair in "Frank's Barber Shop."

"I couldn't stand to see the family lose this place," says Jackson, now 30, who abandoned a teaching career to preserve the faltering business. "It's just too close to me and besides I think my grandfather would turn over in his grave if it was lost."

"I was real close to my grandfather and he used to give me little projects to do and let me run errands for him. People still come by here and talk about the days when the Dew Drop was really jumping. Sometimes when people pass by here I can see on their face they're thinking about the good times this place once held. It never fails that every Mardi Gras someone will come by from out-of-town and ask for Frank Painia. You can see that they're disappointed because he's dead and because the place is not like it used to be."

"Right now I'm trying to get the business back on its feet and pay off the last mortgage. I'm trying to do some repairs to bring some class back to the place. Sooner or later I'm gonna renovate the bar, and maybe add a restaurant and live music again. Who knows, maybe some day I'll light up LaSalle Street just like my grandfather did."

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story), numerous workshops, and a Club Crawl with more showcase
gigs. Sunday, closing comments, a barbecue-and-softball party, and
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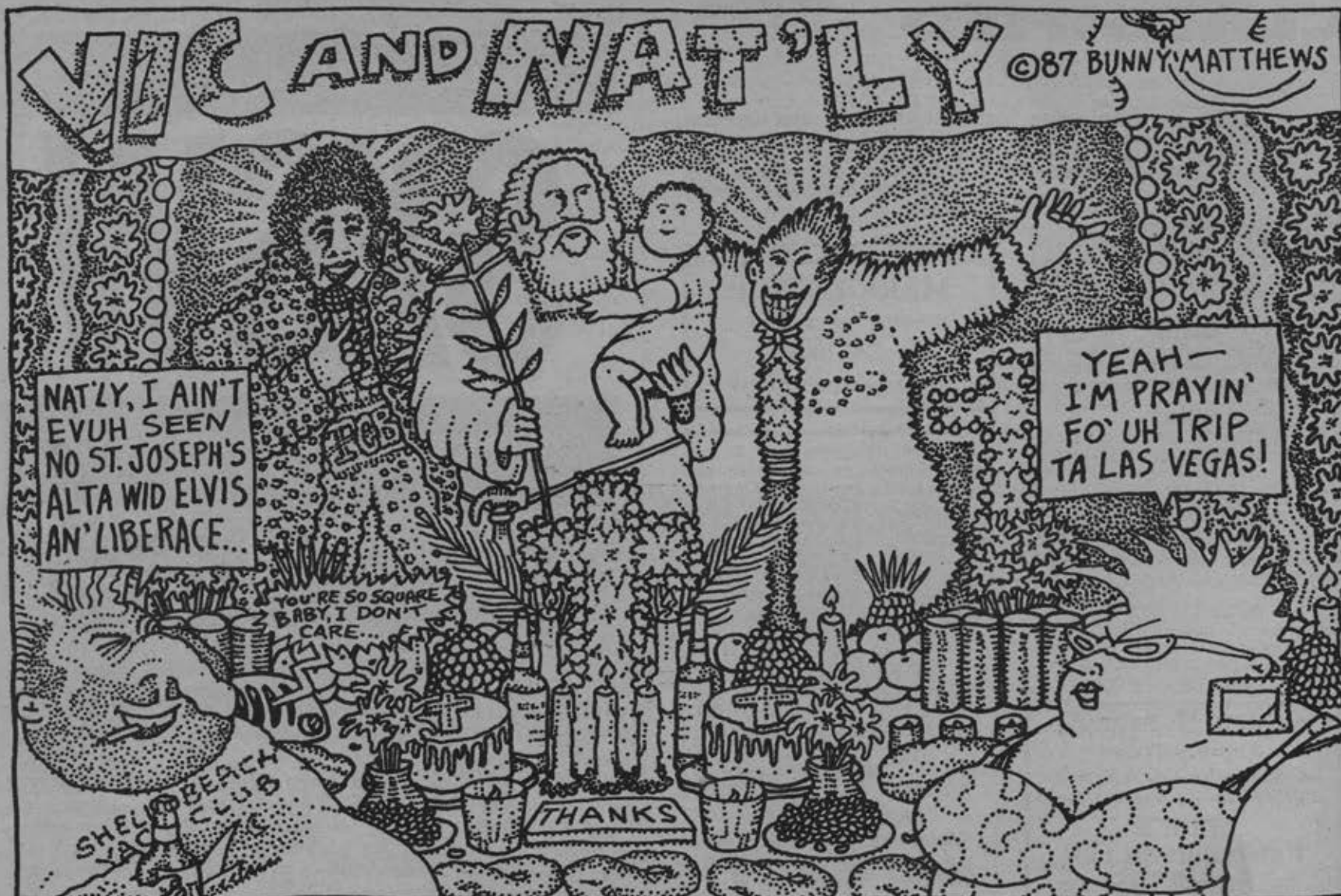
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LAST PAGE

In New Orleans, when adversity and disaster strike, there's always your mama. We fondly recall the local mother who, after having made her fortune in the beauty culture industry, went to Mass each day and prayed that her only daughter would marry "a man like St. Joseph."

Our favorite episode in *Up From The Cradle Of Jazz*, Messrs. Berry, Foose and Jones' new tome, is the one where Dr. John's mama, Dorothy Rebennack, confesses that she kept the Hoover out of her 17 year-old son's bedroom: "I wouldn't dare clean it up. I might be throwing away another 'Stardust'!"

It was a breathless situation recently on TV's *Super Password* when, given the clues "Plump" and "Blueberry," the contestants were expected to guess — that's right! "Fats" Domino!

The Plump Blueberryman's Valentine's Day concert on *Austin City Limits* was hailed by one music connoisseur of our acquaintance as "the greatest thing since the invention of freeze-dried remoulade sauce." An hour later, another music connoisseur told us that the program had been about as "exciting as a bag of wet

Ruffles 'Cajun-Spice' potato chips (the brand endorsed by Justin Wilson)." We dunno because we were standing outside on Veterans Boulevard in Kenner, waiting two hours for the Krewe of Saturn to parade past; memorable moments included the pre-parade procession of a punk gang on BMX bikes ripping through the ranks of the citizenry (average weight in black Spandex: 340 pounds), and the slinky shuffling of the Stardusters dance team, all of whom come equipped with a rhinestone star sewn on the left-side of their respective derrieres.

EMI/America is releasing a 12" dancehall version of the first single from the Neville Brothers' *Uptown* album. Metairie's own John Guarnieri, Manager of A&R Talent Acquisition for EMI, has dubbed the disc "Re-Mix Etouffée" and informs us that the Nevilles' first video will be shot not at Naggo Head, Jamaica or beneath Annibale Carracci's Olympian gods and goddesses on the ceiling of the Palazzo Farnese, but at Tipitina's, which is haunted by godly spirits no less regal than Carracci's, and positively more funkier.

The Nevilles performed two selec-

tions from *Uptown* for the benefit of Johnny Carson and his zillion viewers, with Cyril (in neo-Rastafarian garb) and Aaron (in some of that black Spandex we mentioned earlier) each taking a turn at the microphone. Massaging funny bones on the same show was New Orleans comedienne Ellen Degeneres.

A few nights later, clad in an ultra-psychedelic shirt, Albert Collins sat in with the band on *Late Night With David Letterman*. What bothers us in the televised cases of both Collins and the Nevilles is that neither Dave nor Johnny let the gentlemen talk. We have conversed with all five individuals and can assure any producers that they are unanimously more erudite than Jane Seymour, who tried to convince Dave that it was "romantic" to kidnap one's spouse for a weekend of passion on a motel-room bed previously used by God-knows-how-many-diseased-ridden vacationists and adolescent bed-wetters. If we want "romanticism," we reach for Mr. Collins' "Freeze" or the brothers' "Fever."

Bananas, apparently named after the Republic that Jim Bob Moffett says we live in, is a new live-music

club on North Rampart, near Marie Laveau's final resting place. On the other side of the French Quarter, on Decatur Street and within a block or two of the actual spot where jazz was invented, the conspiracy to assassinate President John F. Kennedy was hatched and Tennessee Williams used to walk his dog, is Chief's Cajun Cafe, featuring live Cajun music on Friday and Saturday nights. According to manager Greg Foles, it's a "real" Cajun restaurant/bar (as opposed to those "Cajun-Spice" Ruffles, which are, of course, "unreal" because they're manufactured in a place where the economy is booming, the people understand what a turn-signal is and the streets are safe to walk at 4 a.m.).

Speaking of "safe streets," Bobby Marchan is sponsoring a "Big Throw-Down Contest" every Thursday at the Crystal Disco '81 on North Claiborne and a "Gong Show" every Sunday at the same address, of which Bobby proclaims: "Tell 'em they got police protection down here and it's very secure for the ladies!" Or anybody else who might saunter by in an evening gown...

Tipitina's

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MARCH

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10:30 - Fri. and Sat.

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Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday
1 THE NEVILLE BROTHERS	2 THE RADIATORS	3 MARCIA BALL	4 CLOSED	5 CLOSED	6 JAVA	7 SONG DOGS, WAKA WAKA & JOHNNY J. AND THE HITMEN
8 FAIS DO-DO w/ Bruce Daigrepoint's Cajun Band	9 PIANO NIGHT WITH JON CLEARY	10 JUDY RODERICK	11 EXIT 209 & FORCE OF HABIT	12 SWIMMING POOL Q'S	13 LONNIE BROOKS	(Tentative) 14 GO AHEAD featuring BILL KRAUTEMANN & BERRY MYDLAND Of The Grateful Dead
15 FAIS DO-DO w/ Bruce Daigrepoint's Cajun Band 5-9 pm	16 JOHN MAGNIE & THE SUBDUDES	17 ASLEEP AT THE WHEEL	18 ALEX CHILTON	19 LEON RUSSELL AND EDGAR WINTER Shows at 9pm & midnight	20 WTUL MARATHON featuring THE MEDITATIONS, THE KILLER BEES & THE SHEPHERD BAND	21 THE RADIATORS
22 FAIS DO-DO w/ Bruce Daigrepoint's Cajun Band 5-9 pm	23 THE BACKSLIDERS	24 ?	25 30 BY 90 PLUS THE CRANSTON CLEMENTS BAND.	26 LIL QUEENIE AND THE R AND B DEATH SQUAD.	27 ALBERT COLLINS & THE ICEBREAKERS	(Tentative) 28 BILLY PRESTON Shows at 9pm & midnight
29 FAIS DO-DO w/ Bruce Daigrepoint's Cajun Band 5-9 pm	30 THE BACKSLIDERS	31 THE ELEMENTS	COMING IN APRIL: Fri & Sat, 10th & 11th: THE NEVILLE BROTHERS Fri 17th: BOBBY "BLUE" BLAND Sat 25th: LOS LOBOS			

Happy hour 2 p.m.-8p.m. 50¢ drafts, \$1 longnecks, \$1.50 hiballs

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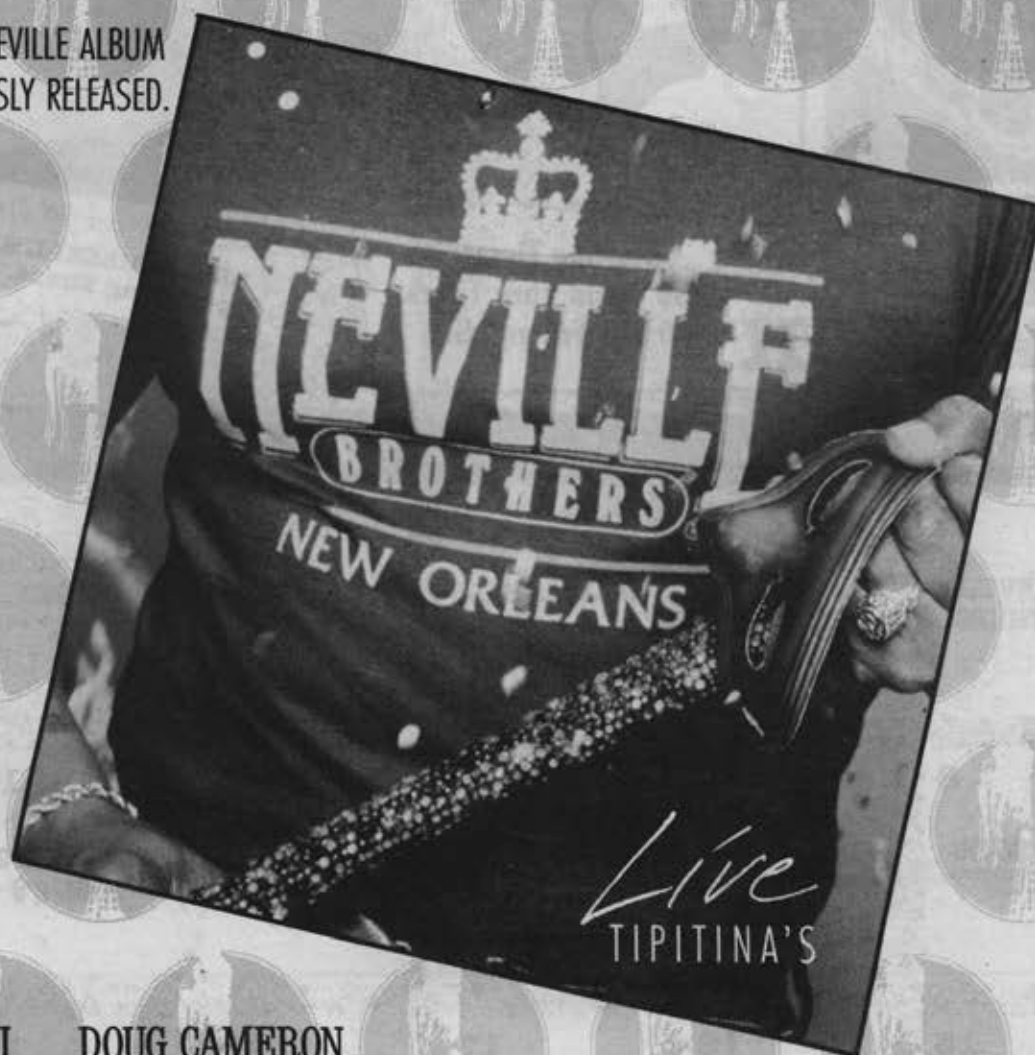
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CURRENT

David Benoit - This Side Up - # 4 Billboard Jazz, # 1 Radio & Records. With the release of his new album, David Benoit is sure to emerge as one of the vanguards in the contemporary jazz scene. *Jazziz*. SPT 104

Doug Cameron - Freeway Mentality - Virtuoso violinist, Doug Cameron's newest album offers a pleasant California style alternative. Some of L.A.'s best session players provide solid support; Lee Ritenour, Vinnie Coliuta, Jimmy Johnson, Pete Christlieb, and Dan Huff. SPT 103

Ellis Marsalis & Eddie Harris - Homecoming - An elegant recording. *Doug Palmer N.Y. Times*. An intriguing and diversified collaboration. 4 stars. *Leonard Feather L.A. Times*. SPT 105

James Rivers Quartet - The Dallas Sessions - Some great New Orleans jazz digitally recorded live to two track. Featuring David Torkanowsky, Johnny Vidacovich, James Singleton and George French. SPT 101

Gene Taylor - Handmade - Formerly of California's Blasters, Gene plays some fine piano aided by Freebo, Larry Taylor, Andrew Woolfolk, Bill Bateman, and Louie Lista. SPT 111

Bill Meyers - Images - Newcomer Bill Meyers debuts with this fine album. Cut AM/PM is 1987 Grammy nomination for Best Jazz Composition. Featured soloists: Larry Carlton, Vinnie Coliuta, Brandon Fields, Mike Landau & Ernie Watts. SPT 114

Lou Ann Barton - Forbidden Tones - Hot new Texas R&B from one of the state's best female vocalists. Featured players: Jimmy Vaughan, Jerry Marotta, Larry Knechtel and David Miner. SPT 107



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